

# *The Improvement Era*



MAY, 1937

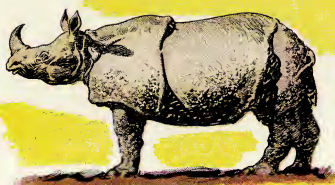
Volume 40 Number 5

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



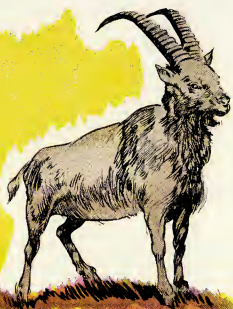
# R

is for Rhino—who's  
proud of his hide.  
It's thick and it's Tough,  
And it's wearproof beside'!



# I

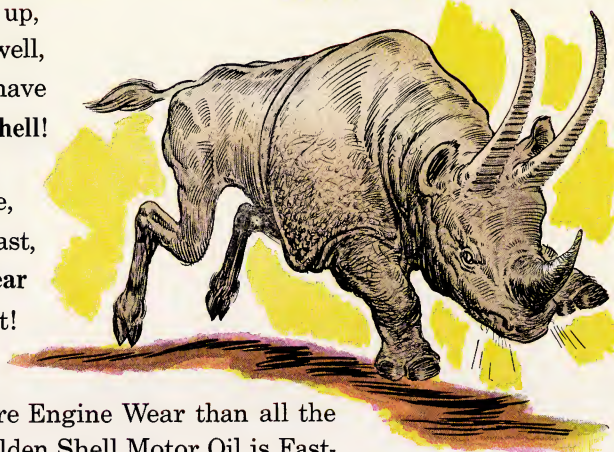
is for Ibex—  
a Fast-Stepping sport.  
He kicks up his heels—  
is off with a snort!



## RHINI-BEX

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and mix them up well,  
And there, sir, you have  
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it's Tough and it's Fast,  
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and how it does last!



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running . . . New Golden Shell Motor Oil is Fast-  
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stands the heat of steady driving.

# Golden Shell

The New Motor Oil





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# The IMPROVEMENT

M A Y, 1 9 3 7

VOLUME 40 NUMBER 5

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

# ERA



"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

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THIS IMPOSING structure at 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, is most commonly referred to as the Bishop's Building. From here the Presiding Bishopric direct the affairs of the Aaronic Priesthood, and here are kept the current membership and financial records of the Church. This edifice is a clearinghouse for most of the temporal activities and transactions of a worldwide organization. On the upper floors of this building are housed also the general offices of the Y. W. M. I. A., The Relief Society, and the Primary Association.

The unusual photographic treatment is by D. F. Davis.

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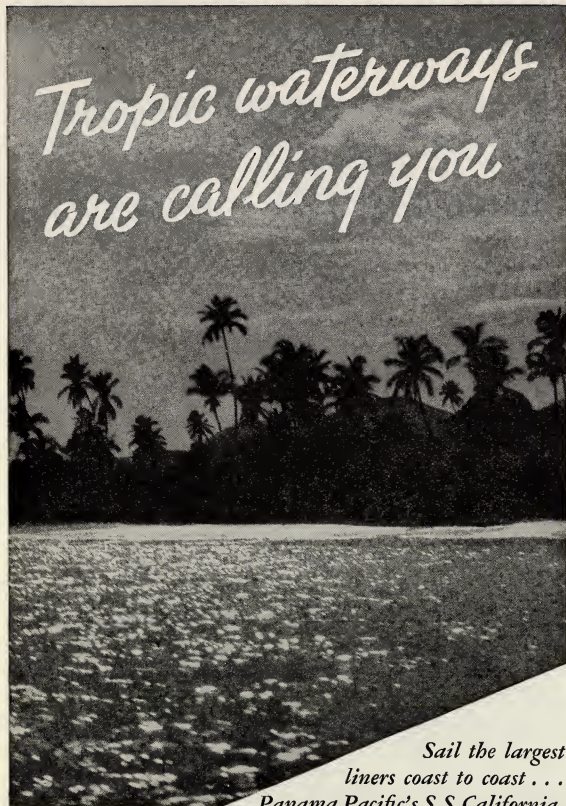
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# THE PATH THAT LED TO RESTORATION

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."—(James 1:5)

"Never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at this time to mine . . ."—Joseph Smith

Path leading into the Sacred Grove, near Manchester, Wayne County, New York. Copyright 1935, Daniel B. McRae. Elder McRae, a research worker with the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., has photography as a hobby, and has taken many delightful studies of early Church scenes.



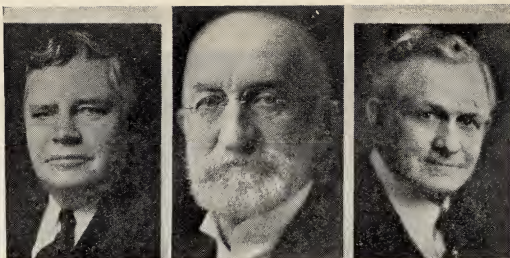


# GENERAL AUTHORITIES

## CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

As sustained by the membership of the Church assembled in  
General Conference, April 6, 1937

### THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

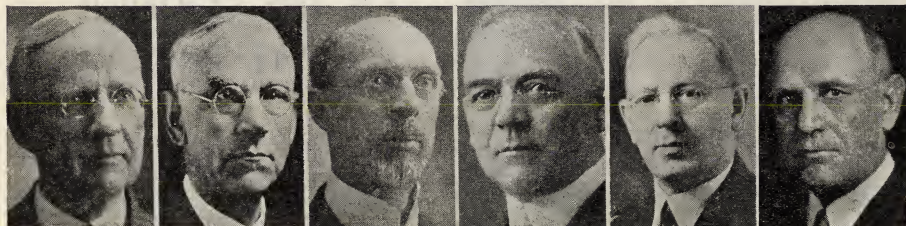


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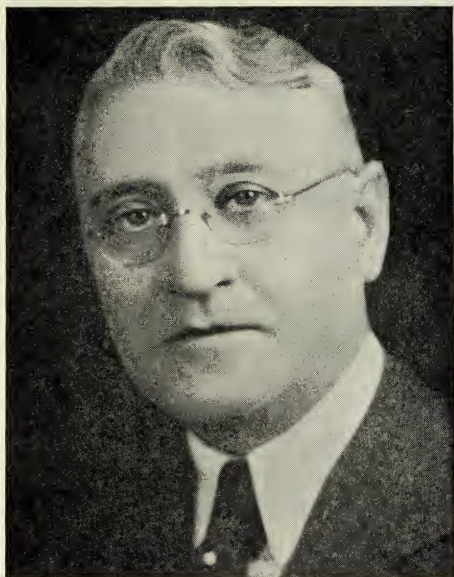


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BISHOP DAVID A. SMITH

BISHOP SYLVESTER Q. CANNON

BISHOP JOHN WELLS



ALBERT E. BOWEN

## By JOSEPH QUINNEY

*President of Logan Temple*

THE BIRTH of Albert Ernest Bowen blessed a humble home on the 31st day of October, 1876, at Henderson Creek near Samaria, Idaho. He was the seventh child in a family of ten; and the youngest son. His parents of fine Welsh and English stock were pioneers; the father, David Bowen, came to Utah with a handcart company in 1856, and the mother, Annie Shackleton Bowen, walked across the plains with an oxteam company in 1860. They were full of faith and unafraid of work. Indeed, they taught their offspring the value and beauty of labor, and the need of the gift of faith.

The early life of Elder Bowen was spent upon the farm, in the timbers, among the sheep and cattle. The homes in which the Bowen family lived were humble—the usual log cabins of those early days. His meager earnings went to assist in supporting the growing family, as did the earnings of the other members of the family. The struggles of the family were many. Indeed, many times, but before his day, they were without the real necessities of life. Nevertheless they faced the

*THE AUTHOR, a lifelong acquaintance and intimate friend of Albert E. Bowen, has here given warm insight into the background, character, and career of this distinguished man who has been called into the higher councils of the Church.*

vicissitudes of life with faith and undaunted courage. With a prayer of gratitude they sank to sleep at night.

Albert E. Bowen knew the value

# ALBERT — E. — BOWEN

## OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

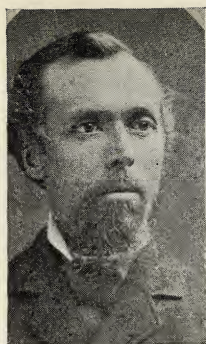
THE STORY OF A LIFE OF SERVICE THAT BEGAN IN A LOG CABIN IN IDAHO AND LED TO A BRILLIANT CAREER AS JURIST AND ADVOCATE, AND IS NOW CONSUMMATED BY A CALL TO APOSTLESHIP.

of life when but a child. The rule of conservation was a part of his early training. He learned, through hard experience, the value of time, and therefore utilized it. He was considerate of those with whom he associated as companions. He learned and appreciated the discipline of a well-regulated home. The obedience which he gave to his noble father and devoted mother was not a duty to be reluctantly endured, but a privilege to be highly sought. His home life was built upon the principle of love,

LOG CABIN AT SAMARIA, IDAHO, IN WHICH ALBERT E. BOWEN WAS REARED AND IN WHICH HE LIVED UNTIL ABOUT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN. WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN THE BOWEN FAMILY HAD LONG SINCE DESERTED THIS CABIN.







DAVID BOWEN AND ANNIE SHACKLETON BOWEN, FATHER AND MOTHER OF ALBERT E. BOWEN, FROM AN EARLIER PICTURE.

integrity and hard work. Each day was approached with hope and determination, and closed with constructive work well done. In those early days the thought that was uppermost in his mind was, "That which is worth having is worth working for."

Brother Bowen referred always to his sainted mother as a student of life. Well-read in the finest literature of the ages, she poised and graced the home with dignity and sustaining power. If he were asked to state her greatness, he would unhesitatingly say with John Temple Graves: "If I should seek to touch the inward source of her greatness, I would lay my hand upon her heart. Love carried her messages to all who came within the range of her acquaintance, and the honest throb of human sympathies kept her responsive to all things great and true." "If there be but one thing pure where all else is sullied, that will endure when all else passes away. If there be aught surpassing human deed, or word, or thought, it is a mother's love." His attitude, thought, and word toward his mother were eloquent and affectionate. His deep regard and love for his father was unbounded, true and genuine. His relationship to his brothers and sisters was fine and splendid, always considerate of their welfare and always recognizing their contributions to family life.

The Bowen family was well organized; consequently, there was complete understanding between father and mother, sons and daughters. The solution of family problems was shared among the members of the family. Cooperation was always a part of the family program. They agreed among themselves that all should receive as much schooling as possible, and therefore took ad-

vantage of the opportunities of the early rural school that the community could afford, as far as their meager means would allow.



ALBERT E. BOWEN AS HE APPEARED AT ABOUT AGE 22, FOLLOWING HIS GRADUATION FROM BRIGHAM YOUNG COLLEGE, LOGAN, UTAH.

ALBERT BOWEN and his brother, Charles F., left Samaria one early autumn day in the year 1896 for Logan and registered as students at the Brigham Young College. The achievements of the Bowens are a matter of record in that fine institution of learning. A. E. Bowen said that when they arrived in Logan they were the personification of country life—green, unfinished, and very much afraid. But, again they brought with them their great heritage—willingness to work—and with this as their background they entered upon their college careers. Naturally, college life was an entirely different problem to that of farm life, the solution of which meant hours, days, and months of concentration of mind. They were poor in the material things of life, but rich in ambition and mental

power. As the days passed they developed into commanding personalities. These Bowen brothers distinguished themselves as students at the B. Y. C., and later fulfilled the promise of their youth, when Charles F. specialized in geology and, after extended training in Eastern Universities, became chief geologist for the Standard Oil Company, which position he holds today; Albert E. at first devoted himself to teaching and later to the practice of the law, in which he has been eminently successful.

It required only a short time until A. E. Bowen "arrived," so to speak. He found his place, and from thenceforth was like a light set upon a hill. His college life stands as a monument to courage and everlasting work. He carried away the thought that the path to a full and rich life is always open to the individual unless he closes it himself. From that time on, he never closed the door leading to light. He graduated from the Brigham Young College in the year 1902 with a A. B. degree and with distinction and high honors. He became a member of the faculty during his later years at college and thus earned a little to help himself along. His love for Brigham Young College glows like the sun. This school will for all time be his first alma mater. It taught him how to think; and this, together with subsequent knowledge and experience has taught him what to think. Though happy in the possession of the A. B. degree, and a demonstrated capacity for the profession of a teacher, he dreamed dreams of further education and set

ALBERT E. BOWEN AS HE APPEARED IN 1911 FOLLOWING HIS GRADUATION FROM THE SCHOOL OF LAW AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.





THE MOTHER, BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF ALBERT E. BOWEN AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO. FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: WALTER F. BOWEN, DAVID J. BOWEN, LEWIS J. BOWEN; SECOND ROW CENTER, LEFT TO RIGHT: EMMA BOWEN YOUNG, AND THE MOTHER OF THE FAMILY, MRS. ANNIE SHACKLETON BOWEN; THIRD ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: C. F. BOWEN, ALBERT E. BOWEN, MARY BOWEN HAWKINS, EDITH BOWEN, AND AGNES BOWEN WALDRON.

about to have these dreams come true.

Immediately after graduation Elder Bowen accepted a call to take a mission to Germany. Before leaving he married Miss Aletha E. Reeder of Hyde Park, Utah. She, during his absence, worked in the County Recorder's office at Logan, and from her small earnings contributed to his support during his time in the ministry. Elder Bowen became an effective missionary; he accepted all calls made of him, and his intelligent contribution to mission life helped advance the work of God in that foreign land. He was honorably released to return home after having served for a period of three years.

Upon his arrival home he accepted a position on the Brigham Young College faculty at Logan. He held this position until 1908, and became recognized as a very efficient teacher, always clear in statement, whatever the subject taught. He impressed upon his pupils the principles of righteousness, honest thinking, and honest doing. He never attempted to teach unless he, himself, clearly understood the fundamentals of the subject matter. His ability was so well recognized that he at one time was offered the presidency of the Brigham Young College, and at another, a position on the faculty of the Utah State Agricultural College.

In the year 1908 he entered the

Chicago Law School, from which he graduated in 1911 with distinction, with the degree of Doctor of Jurisprudence. At this institution, as well as at the other schools of learning which he had attended, he has received honors and recognition. At the time of his graduation from the University of Chicago Law School he was selected a member of the legal honorary fraternity, "The Order of the Coif". Only three men of each class are elected to this fraternity and Albert E. Bowen was one of them.

Albert E. Bowen is the father of twins, sons—Albert R. and Robert R. Bowen. Their mother passed on in 1905 at the time of their birth. She was a beautiful woman, full of grace and truth, and well able to meet the issues of life. The sons have both filled missions in Germany and are graduates of the University of Utah, and of Stanford University. They are engaged in

the practice of law, one in San Francisco and the other in Salt Lake City. They are much like their worthy father in physical appearance and in character.

AFTER his graduation from the University of Chicago Law School Brother Bowen entered into the practice of law as a member of the Logan law firm of Nebeker, Thatcher and Bowen, later, after Mr. Nebeker died, the firm of Thatcher and Bowen. During his residence in Logan he won the confidence of the entire community. He held many positions of trust. He was twice elected county attorney, and was nominated by the Republican party in 1916 for the State Supreme Court. He always distinguished himself as a fearless and effective defender of the right. Logan people refer to him as a most effective and intelligent teacher, attorney, and public servant.





ALETHA REEDER BOWEN (DECEASED), FIRST WIFE OF ALBERT E. BOWEN AND THE MOTHER OF HIS TWIN SONS.

In the year 1920 he moved to Salt Lake City and became a member of the law firm of Clark, Richards and Bowen. He now heads the firm, Bowen and Quinney. His work as a lawyer has brought him in contact with all classes of people. He has handled the problems of individuals with the same accuracy, honesty, and fairness that he has given to the cases of great corporations which he has represented. He has never accepted questionable or unethical business. His rule of life would only permit of the very highest and the finest type of endeavor. In 1927 he was made Vice President of the Utah Bar Association and the following year was made President of that organization. He enjoys the confidence and respect of the legal fraternity and is recognized as one of the West's most able trial lawyers. In his profession he stands above reproach.

The achievements of Elder Bowen are many. Never for a moment has he lost sight of the value of the religious life. Never has he refused any call made of him by the local or General Authorities of the Church. He has ever given his best, realizing that nothing less than his best would satisfy. He has always carried the thought that the greatest service that one man can do for others is to minister to the spiritual side of life, to bring men into the transforming fellowship of Jesus Christ. His power has been felt in Religion Class work, Sunday Schools, and Mutual Improvement Associations. Before moving to Salt Lake City he was superintendent of the Cache Stake Sunday Schools for four years, during which time, under his able management, the Sunday School work developed greatly. He has always built upon the teachings of the Lord,

Jesus Christ. Soon after his arrival in Salt Lake City, Elder Bowen was named a member of the General Sunday School Board. His contributions to this organization were intelligent and constructive. He served in this capacity until January, 1935, when he was called to serve as General Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. He has graced this office with dignity and power, and has won the love and respect of his fellow-workers in this cause.

It must always be remembered that one of the delightful and most important things of life is the association of a good wife. In 1916, A. E. Bowen married Emma Lucy Gates, a woman talented and cultured in the arts of life. Her voice has stirred and inspired thousands upon thousands of people in foreign lands and in America. She is highly gifted in the musical, domestic, and social arts. Above all she is a thorough Latter-day Saint. She mothered the two sons of Elder Bowen with devoted affection. She has always carried charm and beauty in



ANNIE SHACKLETON, MOTHER OF ALBERT E. BOWEN, AND A YOUNG NIECE, AS THEY APPEARED BEFORE LEAVING ENGLAND AS MORMON EMIGRANTS BACK IN 1860.

her home. She has lifted her voice both in song and word in the defense of the work of God. She has upheld and sustained her worthy husband in all his endeavors throughout their married life.

**T**HE QUALITIES of life of A. E. Bowen are numerous. Outstanding are his silent power, friendship, loyalty, and faith.

To know him is to appreciate the

(Concluded on page 311)

THE BOWEN FAMILY. LEFT TO RIGHT: ALBERT R. BOWEN AND ROBERT R. BOWEN, TWIN SONS OF ALBERT E. BOWEN; LUCY GATES BOWEN, PRESENT LIVING WIFE; AND ALBERT E. BOWEN.



# GEORGE QUAYLE MORRIS

## THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVE- MENT ASSOCIATION

By STRINGAM A. STEVENS

*Of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board*

TO A POSITION OF GREAT RESPONSIBILITY COMES THIS EMINENTLY WELL-QUALIFIED MAN, WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN ONE OF INTEGRITY, CONSISTENT SERVICE AND DEVOTION.



GEORGE Q. MORRIS

THE APPOINTMENT of George Quayle Morris as General Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association to fill the vacancy occasioned by the selection of Albert E. Bowen to become a member of the Council of the Twelve, meets with the hearty approval of a host of friends and admirers throughout the Church. Since January, 1935, he has served as first counselor to Superintendent Bowen, a position which he has filled with dignity and outstanding ability.

The new General Superintendent brings to this important office a rich background of experience and a rare combination of those superior traits of character and personality which preeminently qualify him for this high calling. To those who know him best, he is the personification of loyalty, dependability, culture, strength, gentleness, industry, fairness, and deep spirituality. All of his busy life he has been full of faith, patient, diligent, and reliable. He is in every sense and in any company, a true gentleman, with all that the name implies.

Born February 20, 1874, in Salt Lake City, George Q. Morris is the son of Elias Morris, who emigrated

from north Wales as a convert to Mormonism in 1852 and became one of Utah's foremost pioneer builders, contractors, and leading Churchmen. His mother was Mary L. Walker Morris, an English girl of quiet refinement, from whom he inherited his gentle nature, his deep love for the artistic and the beautiful, and his fine instincts for refinement and culture.

Reared in a family where the sterling virtues of thrift, industry, and faith in God were impressed upon his youthful soul, he early learned the saving value of honest toil. As a boy he became an expert in polishing marble by hand labor in his father's shop and, like the stone-cutter who said that he was building a cathedral, young George Morris enjoyed his work, for he too was building a noble edifice—a strong human soul. To him honest work was never drudgery, but always an opportunity. It is said by members of his family that "he never caused his mother a moment's anxiety, that he was always obedient and seemed possessed of never-failing goodness." And yet he was a "boy's boy," fun-loving, playful, full of physical vigor and activity.

After completing the grade

schools, he first attended the Brigham Young University at Provo and later the University of Utah from which he was graduated in 1899. While in attendance at the state university, he worked at polishing marble in order to pay for his schooling. During that period he was also actively associated with the Mutual Improvement Association in his ward.

He next filled a three-year mission in England and for a year was president of the London District, serving under the late Francis M. Lyman, of the Council of Twelve. While on his mission in England, Elder Morris formed a close friendship with that estimable gentleman and stalwart Church convert, Colonel R. M. Bryce Thomas, who is now ninety-two years of age and who wrote the much-used and often-quoted missionary pamphlet *My Reasons for Leaving the Church of England and Joining the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. Among his missionary companions were Utah's present Governor Henry H. Blood, and Justice William H. Folland of the Utah State Supreme Court.

Shortly before his departure for England, George Q. Morris' father died and upon returning to Utah in



1902, he became associated with his brother, Nephi L. Morris, in the conduct of his father's business. He is now President and General Manager of that pioneer institution, Elias Morris & Sons. He is also President of the Prudential Federal Savings & Loan Association, is a member of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce, a director of the Travelers' Aid Society, and a member of the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association executive committee.

**I**N 1904, Elder Morris was made superintendent of the Salt Lake Stake Mutual Improvement Association, a position which he held until 1908, when he was released to become a counselor in the bishopric of the Fourteenth Ward of Salt Lake Stake. In 1913 he was again made stake M. I. A. superintendent and soon after that became bishop of the Fourteenth Ward, serving in that position until 1924, when he was made a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board. In 1928 he was made counselor to President Winslow F. Smith in the Ensign Stake presidency, from which position he was released to become First Assistant General Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association in January, 1935.

In 1905 he married Emma Ramsey, one of Utah's talented musi-



THE RETIRING GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. LEFT TO RIGHT: GEORGE Q. MORRIS, FORMER FIRST ASSISTANT; ALBERT E. BOWEN, FORMER SUPERINTENDENT; FRANKLIN L. WEST, FORMER SECOND ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT.

cians. Superintendent and Mrs. Morris have three charming and gifted daughters, Miss Marian Morris, French instructor at the University of Utah; and Miss Margery and Miss Helen Morris.

In 1932, while attending the dedication of the monument at Independence Rock, that great landmark on the pioneer trail in eastern Wyoming, which is called the "register of the Desert," Elder Morris climbed to the top of that huge granite, dome-shaped hill and found there, carved deep in the imperishable stone, the words: "Elias Morris, 1852." The rugged strength of character of his pioneer father, there symbolized so graphically on that mountain side, points to the outstanding characteristics of Superintendent Morris. He is a quiet, modest, reserved man, self-possessed, patient, eloquent in a subdued manner, and never loquacious. Deep within his great soul is a well-balanced strength and an iron will and tenacity which gets things done. He has a cheerful, friendly disposition and a keen sense of humor inherited from his Welsh ancestors. His associates know that he is full of purpose, faithful to his highest ideals, deeply orthodox and "without flaw" in his religious convictions; his personal conduct is always exemplary and he never disappoints. He is studious and systematic; he never shifts ground or changes his position for the sake of convenience; he deals with facts and principles, and analyzes and evaluates all things in the light of eternal verities. Nor is he ever known to gossip or deal lightly with the character of his fellow men.

Perhaps one of the most outstanding achievements of George Q.

Morris has been his service to *The Improvement Era*. Much earlier in his long career of service to the Church when he was affiliated in official capacity with the Salt Lake Stake Y. M. M. I. A. organization he brought about an unusual record for that stake in placing the *Era* in the homes of its people. But his greatest contribution came, when, as chairman of the *Era* committee of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board prior to 1929, he visualized a greater magazine which would truly represent the Church and combat the evils of "crooked thinking" so prevalent in the current literature of the times. Due largely to his efforts, a new committee was organized, the cooperation of the officers of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association was secured, and, after months of exhaustive research, recommendations were made which led to combining the *Era* and *The Young Woman's Journal* to make the present *Era* with its enlarged size and scope. As chairman of the executive committee of *The Improvement Era* since 1929, and as its General Manager since 1935, Superintendent Morris has seen the fulfillment of his dream in the present successful and widely read representative Church magazine.

The Mutual Improvement Association throughout the Church is to be congratulated upon having as its General Superintendent a man so well trained and so well qualified to lead this great work. This position of trust has come to a man to whom trust is sacred.



ALBERT E. BOWEN AND GEORGE Q. MORRIS PICTURED CONGRATULATING EACH OTHER ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR APPOINTMENTS TO HIGHER OFFICES.



# HOUSES or HOMES

By GEORGE A. BAKER

Bank of America N. T. and S. A.,  
Superintendent, Los Angeles Stake  
Y. M. M. I. A.



GEORGE A. BAKER

WHAT WE NOW NEED OVERWHELMINGLY AND URGENTLY, AS OUR FOREFATHERS NEEDED RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, AS EUROPE NEEDS PEACE, AS OUR LUNGS NEED AIR—IS AN AMERICAN HOME IN WHICH WE MAY ENJOY ALL OF THE MODERN CONVENIENCES AND STILL MAINTAIN THE SPIRIT OF THE HOME AND THOSE NECESSARY FAMILY IDEALS.

"A home is a little-used building that usually stands on the same lot with the garage."—Selected.

ONCE UPON a time—as the story books of a bygone era put it—there was a home.

Architecturally—it was nothing to boast about. Small in size, rudimentary in construction, angular in form, drab in color, bare of conveniences, modern progress has condemned it as unsightly and unsanitary.

Furnished with an eye to durability and utility only, heated by stoves or fireplaces in spots, ventilated by icy blasts through cracks or crevices, lighted by candles or kerosene lamps, watered by a tin pail and a dipper, hospitable alike to flies and wayfarers,—it was a far cry from our present scientific and hygienic age.

But, isolated in loneliness, it shut within its walls a family. A family that from sun to sun worked together, played together, planned together, met and surmounted common problems together. At every minute of the day, each member of the family knew what the others were doing. At night they gathered about the kitchen table to read, play games, pop corn, or plan for tomorrow. That home was both center and circumference of the universe for the family.

True they had their handicaps, too: inferior schools, scant opportunity for recreation, little in the way of finances. That family was primitive. It put first things first. It dealt with nature in her varied moods. The old time-honored and strain-tested moralities were close

to its heart, for they were inherent in the family ties which gripped, controlled, and sheltered it. Such groups had no need to repeat oaths of loyalty to their God, their country and its laws.

And now, how fares the modern home? Great hotels and apartment buildings, which are models of beauty in design, the acme of perfection in convenience and lighting, luxurious in furnishings and appointment, are subdivided into tiny cells or clusters of cells which myriads of people call home. There are no fires to build or keep, no water to carry, no lamps to fill, no chores to do. They are places to come back to, but not places to live in. They do not grip or hold the affection of the family.

Father spends his working hours at the desk, lathe, or counter. Mother must shop or attend meeting and run the house between times. Sonny and sister must go to school and keep up with its varied activities. They make home a port of call in time for the evening meal.

At night, the movies, the theatre, the automobile, and other amusements are beckoning fingers, enticing the family away from home.

I do not by any means intend to imply that the homes of the past were perfect in idealism or in practice, nor that modern homes are lacking in the virtues and moralities. Any such sweeping statement would be as untrue in one case as in the other. I am attempting merely to describe a tendency incident to our industrialization, to the division of labor, to the concentration of our people in cities and to other forces, recreational and otherwise,

GEORGE A. BAKER was born in Dublin, Ireland, his parents, Frederick and Wilhelmina Baker, being converts to the Church. The entire family emigrated to America in April, 1920, during the European Mission Presidency of Elder George Albert Smith. During boyhood he was always active in Aaronic Priesthood affairs. The writer's Church activities, numerous in number, include a mission to Great Britain, 1924-1926.

Brother Baker is also a graduate of the American Institute of Banking and holds an executive position with the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association.

"In connection with the accompanying article," writes George A. Baker, "it may interest you to know that Superintendent George Q. Morris, who, along with Brother Kirkham, was in attendance at our M. I. A. Convention, dedicated our newly occupied home. This idea may amuse many people, but we are orthodox and old-fashioned enough to want it."

which so far as the solidarity of the American home is concerned are centrifugal forces, throwing the common experiences, the associations, and training of the family away from the home. Coincident with this trend there have also arisen various menacing isms—internationalism, socialism, communism, atheism, fascism, to say nothing of free love and easy divorces.

No, a return to the "good old days," is not advocated, but just the same, let it be known, those bygone generations had homes. Homes in which under comparatively primitive conditions, the children unconscious-

(Concluded on page 322)



# PEACE OVER CAMP

By DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON



THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO  
LOOKED BACK ONCE—BUT NEVER-  
MORE LOOKED AUGHT BUT STRAIGHT  
AHEAD.

"AND you will promise me, Helmer?"

"Promise?" The man looked down at the slim figure who sat beside him on the wagon tongue. "After what you told me can I refuse you something?" He spoke in faltering English, "Tell me, my Breta, what I promise."

For a moment the girl watched his face uncertainly. She drew her shawl more closely about her shoulders and knocked her shoes together for warmth.

It was a strong face she watched, from unruly hair to square set chin, and would have been harsh but for kindly gray eyes. She must step carefully. Helmer was not one to rush into things. Action, for him, must be preceded by purpose and would he see her purpose? How could he when she, herself, could scarcely reason it out? She could only feel. But just now his eyes were especially tender and the arm about her held her close.

"How long, Helmer, since we left Aaborg?" she asked.

"Two years and already you speak like the American born. Two years. How proud I am that day we reach Navvoo. No girl was so beautiful as my Breta. Dese vinds," he paused to try again for he must not be outstripped by this nimble-tongued girl, "these winds in America turn the skin brown quickly but it shall be fair again when this journey is over."

The girl heard him but her mind was on this thing she must ask him. "And how long, Helmer, since we were married?"

The man made a great show of counting on his fingers. "August, September, October, November, December. See, this time not one I forget. Five months since you are

mine. Five months since we have our own wagon. Is it long for you?"

Breta turned her head. Her eyes picked up one by one the white wagon tops, the quickly constructed sod houses. They saw here and there, people hurrying about through the cold. In a circle of wagons a man was feeding a huge fire. They flashed to the great gray bowl of inverted sky above it all then turned westward where an all-encompassing gray prairie rolled away until it merged with the sky.

"I fear it," she whispered and he felt her body tremble. "See, Helmer, how cruel and overbearing it is. It does such hard things, Helmer. Such horrible things to mothers."

"You are overwrought," he soothed with one big hand pushing back the wind-blown hair from her forehead. "Your mother about this you must tell. She will know how to help."

"No, no." The girl sat suddenly erect. "You must not tell mother. She would not let us."

"She won't let us what?"

"It is the promise you made. Two years, you said, since we left Aaborg. Two years and in all that time we have been going—going. Always moving. Never a place to rest—and now this cold prairie—no little lakes—no streams to break the dreariness—nothing but grayness and barrenness stretching on and on. Once you are caught up in it there can be no returning."

THE MAN drew his black brows together. He must speak to her mother. He, great Helmer Helmer, was strong beyond the power of most men. He could cope with stubborn, lumbering oxen or unruly horses. He could put courage in the hearts of despairing men. He could even look at this cold challenging prairie and laugh with de-

fiant expectancy; but of this fragile thing by his side he knew little. He had heard casually, even before his marriage, of women's strange fears and notions; but, so men said, they would pass when their time was fulfilled. He knew little to say that would put faith and courage back into the heart of this girl wife. That clearly was work for her mother. He could only love her and hold her safe.

"You haven't told me, my Breta," he said in Danish, "what it is I must promise."

He held her face between his two great hands and turned it to meet his. With a shock he noticed the pinched look about her mouth, the hollows in her cheeks, but what he saw in her eyes shook him with a great uneasiness. Not many times had he seen such stark, unreasoning fear.

"What is it?" he demanded. "What is it, my wife?"

"Remember you promised."

"Ya. Ya. But tell me."

"You must take me away. East instead of west. Take me back to the States. If we start at once we shall be able to make Garden Grove before this storm breaks. It may not break for a few days," she added hastily.

The man looked at her in bewilderment. "Go back to Navvoo? Lose all the distance we have gained?" He was still speaking in his mother tongue. "But how could that help? Our people are leaving there. Besides the storm is nearly on us."

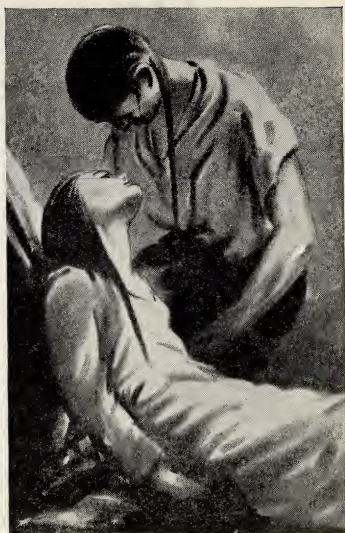
Breta took one swift glance at his

(Continued on page 325)

# The OUTLAW of NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

*The Story of Posey, Last  
Pah-Ute Outlaw*

By ALBERT  
R. LYMAN



**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Down in the wild and lawless region of Fourcorners, where Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado come together, more than half a century ago Kit Carson rounded up the Navajos and drove them into Santa Fe, New Mexico, to keep them there in the "bullpen" for three years. While the Navajos were being thus harshly disciplined, a disaffected handful of Pah-Utes broke away from their tribe north of the San Juan River and took possession of Navajo Mountain in Navajo territory. When the Navajos came back, these Pah-Ute renegades refused to vacate the Navajo country and bad blood resulted. Sowagerie (Posey), the central character of this story, was a child of one of the Pah-Ute renegades. He grew up in a cradle of anarchy. Bitseel, a son of the ousted Navajos, was Posey's most bitter enemy. Frequent raiding parties between the two tribes and the killing and plundering of unsuspecting travelers, cattlemen, and ranchers, resulted in complications that forced the Pah-Ute deserters to rejoin their tribe. In the midst of this tense situation in 1879 a colony of Mormons was sent down to settle the San Juan country, largely for the purpose of improving relationships with the Indians. Thales Haskel was their chief interpreter—a man skilled in Indian dialect and psychology. But the Navajos and Pah-Utes continued to prey upon each other and upon the Mormon settlement. The feud between Posey and Bitseel continued, in gambling games and in subtle and secret warfare. During one skirmish when cowboy avengers scattered the tribe, the renegade son, Sowagerie, was momentarily separated from the tribe with Toorah, little sister of Poke, the Pah-Ute leader. This brief interlude marked the beginning of a smoldering romance that caused Sowagerie bravely to change his name to Posey and vainly dress himself in fine clothes, braid his hair, and put on war paint. This interest in his little sister, however, was relentlessly disapproved by Poke, who looked upon the "apostate" Posey as "skunk," and so referred to him. The Pah-Ute tribe, loosely organized at best, broke up into factions when a common enemy was not threatening. During one such period of disorganization, Toorah, Posey's beloved, disappeared with her brothers and all Posey's searchings for her were vain. Finally, Posey consulted Thales Haskel and was told his luck would improve if he quit lying, stealing, and marauding. Doubtfully, and as a last resort, Posey did try the suggested remedy half-heartedly. Posey finally secured vague information concerning Toorah's whereabouts, and these two lovers madly dashed to freedom. Their new found freedom together was soon interrupted, however, when Poke accidentally stumbled upon their hiding place. But he was in trouble and his ugly threatening gave way to surliness. Posey now entered upon the most recklessly happy part of his life. Many of his enemies were appeased or otherwise disposed of; Toorah was his own; and in the frequent interchanges of gambling, theft, and treachery, he seemed to keep even, or better than even, with his traditional enemy, Bitseel, the Navajo. His big worry was Haskel's warning to him and his people that tragedy would overtake them unless they abandoned their evil ways. Haskel's "medicine" had overtaken some of Posey's enemies and friends, and this fact made a fleeting impression on his mind—but only fleeting. In the April installment a vicious gambling affray involving Posey and his hated enemy Bitseel the Navajo caused Posey to forget all his good resolutions and abandon himself once more to a life of utter lawlessness, even to defying the authority of the United States Government in their repeated efforts to move the Pah-Utes to the Ute Reservation in Colorado. But temporary success in this matter led Posey to a sense of false security and false power in his assumption that the stubbornness of him and his people had dissuaded the Government from its purpose—but he was wrong in this conclusion.

## CHAPTER XI—A DARK PASS

**I**N JULY, 1893, love and peace reigned in the little camp at Peavine. Posey's father, the renegade Cheepoots, white-haired and tottering with age, and the surviving one of his two squaws, Posey, Toorah, the two little boys, and Posey's brother Scotty and his squaw made up the group.

They had venison, buckskin, flour, bacon—everything needful in abundance. They hunted and rested as they pleased, every day a holiday. Their goats with bulging paunches gave milk a-plenty for all hands including the dogs, and their sleek ponies carried them over the trail in ease and style. They had Bitseel's invincible sorrel to ride for special chuckles of exultation, and they had in mind a cherished list of attractive horses to drive away for winter supplies.

In August, according to their custom, they went to spend a week feasting on fruit and melons in Bluff. They camped under a spreading cottonwood on the river bank and drove their horses out on the sandhills west of town. Of course they





A GROUP OF PAH-UTES AT THE BASE OF THE CLIFF JUST NORTH OF THE BLUFF, THE VIEW, NORTHEAST.

brought with them no horses which might be repleved, for even now they had met Bitseel, and though he wouldn't deign to look at any one of them, he scrutinized every animal in their outfit.

Into their cool bower they brought heavy sacks of peaches and melons from town and relaxed to enjoy refreshments more delicious than the sweetest things they found in the wilderness. Then in a well-fed state of good nature they stretched on the cool earth exchanging little pleasantries as suited the occasion.

Posey liked nothing better than a sham quarrel with his wife wherein he pretended to scold and make unreasonable demands. He loved her face and her voice, and she returned his banter in the same vein and always with a keen relish. She was still the girl who had loved him in spite of her grizzly-bear brother, ever since she gripped his hand in the birch willows at Lasal.

With the empty melon rinds there before them, he reclined against a saddle and ordered her to bring the horses from the sandhills. "Tooish apane," he urged. "Bitseel will get them."

She caught the intangible element of love in his unreasonable order and refused to move from the blanket at his feet. He pretended to be angry, and commanded her to obey orders. "Tooish apane," he repeated in a tone she had heard and enjoyed in love-quarrels before. "Go bring the horses or I'll shoot you with this pistol."

He reached the pistol and flourished it above her. He thought it was empty. Alas, it was loaded.

Pointing it carelessly towards her he pressed the trigger. There was a flash, a sharp explosion! Toorah shrieked and started to rise.

"O, I thought it was empty!" he gasped, dropping the smoking weapon and seizing her hand.

The little group went into a quick panic of dismay. For ten terrible minutes they scarcely knew what they did. They ran from the *wick-iup* only to return moaning and crying. They uttered half spoken words and thrust their fingers wildly through their black hair. Posey was delirious with horror.

And all the time the poor woman lay there moaning in agony on the ground, the great forty-five calibre bullet having torn through her hips from right to left.

GAINING a semblance of control over his tempest of feelings, Posey ran to town and implored "Aunt" Jody Wood, the Mormon nursewoman, to come at once. Dropping everything "Aunt" Jody

hurried down through the fields to the camp on the river bank.

The Indians hoped that by some magic of faith or skill this resourceful woman might save the stricken squaw. "Aunt" Jody had been the successful and only doctor for the little village during thirteen years and meeting all emergencies, surely she could help Toorah.

It was a hopeless case. The nursewoman bent in tears and anguish over the stricken wife and mother, but she had to leave them to meet the stern inevitable, for it could not fail to come within a few agonizing days.

Day after day Posey watched over his doomed companion. He neither ate nor slept. He gazed at the dear face distracted with pain; he heard the beloved voice in anguish he could not relieve. The most skillful medicine men within reach were brought to sing over the stricken wife, and they sang without intermission. Their voices of pleading and prayer could be heard there all hours of the day and during the long vigils of the night.

When calamity comes to a Pah-Ute camp they take it to mean the devil is in that place and they move. The Cheepoots people moved from the big cottonwood on the river bank to a green grove west of town. Here, on the third day after the tragedy, when they saw the life-light fade from the deep brown eyes, they

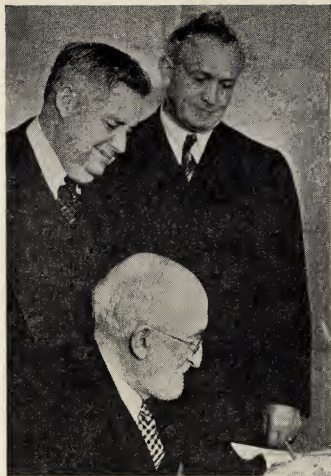
(Continued on page 331)

PEAVINE CORRAL, NEAR THE HEAD OF PEAVINE CANYON ON THE ELK MOUNTAIN. POSEY AND SCOTTY HELPED TO CAPTURE MANY A WILD BAND OF HORSES IN THIS CORRAL, AND PROVED HERE THEIR FINE SKILL WITH A LASSO ROPE.



A VIEW OF THE BEAR'S EARS, ON ELK MOUNTAIN, LOOKING SOUTH.





THE FIRST PRESIDENCY, IN PRE-CONFERENCE CONSULTATION.

*Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune.*

**G**RATEFUL appreciation for the steady world-wide growth of the Church and for the integrity and achievements of its members, and solemn warning and exhortation to all men, characterized the messages of the General Authorities and mission presidents who spoke at the sessions of the One Hundred Seventh Annual Conference held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, April 4, 5, and 6, 1937.

Notwithstanding the fact that all of the general sessions were broadcast throughout the West by Radio Station KSL, the attendance at the conference at times far exceeded the capacity of the Tabernacle, and necessitated overflow meetings in the

Assembly Hall and left thousands on the temple grounds who could gain admission to neither auditorium. This congestion was particularly true of the two Sunday sessions.

The messages of the First Presidency, which opened and closed the conference, were penetratingly significant in their pleas for the "setting of our houses in order," for greater faithfulness and diligence, and in their recital of world calamities, present and imminent, and of the means whereby Latter-day Saints may make preparation for ultimate events. President Grant delivered his timely messages with the vigor that is born of strength and conviction, and President Clark and President McKay presented powerful messages.

# HIGHLIGHTS OF 107th ANNUAL CONFERENCE

By RICHARD L. EVANS

AGAIN THE CHURCH ASSEMBLES TO SCAN THE PAST  
AND PLAN THE FUTURE

The epitome of the conference message was, as it must ever be to all men—obedience: obedience to the laws of God; observance of the laws of the nation. Thereby, and only thereby, come security, peace, and temporal and spiritual salvation. Keeping free from debt, refraining from the use of alcoholic beverages, accumulating surpluses of food, clothing, and other necessities, respecting property rights, curbing crime, observing counsel, honoring Priesthood, curtailing reckless government and private spending, upholding fundamentals in the face of progress, maintaining standards and discerning truth were all given powerful treatment in the warnings and

A CONFERENCE CROWD AT THE GATES OF TEMPLE SQUARE.

*Courtesy Associated Press.*





pleadings and exhortations of the General Authorities.

#### THE PRIESTHOOD

PERHAPS the most unusual sight of the conference was the general Priesthood meeting held on Monday evening, April 5, from 7 to 9 p. m. For the first time within the memory of this writer the Tabernacle was filled with men—men holding the Priesthood of God. The spirit of that gathering was one long to be remembered. The singing by the congregation and the male chorus composed of members of the Tabernacle Choir, the messages of the First Presidency and the other speakers, and the warm response

PRESIDENT GRANT AND PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE, AND ELDER ALBERT E. BOWEN, PHOTOGRAPHED SHORTLY FOLLOWING THE GENERAL CONFERENCE ANNOUNCEMENT OF BROTHER BOWEN'S APPOINTMENT.

Photos on this page Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram.



NINE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE, LEAVING A PRE-CONFERENCE MEETING IN THE TEMPLE. DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN WAS ABSENT IN EUROPE, ELDER GEORGE F. RICHARDS WAS ABSENT, AND ELDER ALBERT E. BOWEN HAD NOT YET BEEN APPOINTED.



and unmistakable support of that unprecedented male congregation were a source of spiritual uplift and

AN INFORMAL VIEW OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY LEAVING THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE. LEFT TO RIGHT: PRESIDENTS DAVID O. MCKAY, HEBER J. GRANT, AND J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.



of a feeling of strength and solidarity in the Church. Respecting the confidence of members of the Church by those who hold office, criticism of local and general authorities, and a change of purpose, method, and attitude on the part of ward teachers were included in the discussions of this meeting.

#### CHURCH SECURITY

THROUGHOUT the conference, and particularly during a special Assembly Hall meeting attended by stake presidencies and ward bishops at eight o'clock Monday morning, the permanence and growing importance of the Church Security Plan was emphasized. At this meeting, held under the direction of the First Presidency, presided over by President Heber J. Grant, and participated in by members of the Presiding Bishopric and General Security Committee, new projects of rehabilitation and reestablishment of

families on a socially and financially secure basis were announced for adoption by Priesthood quorums, wards, stakes, and regions, including the following:

**Temple Work:** A project to provide housing facilities and other necessities of life near Latter-day Saint Temples for worthy members of the Church who for sufficient cause are otherwise unable to provide for themselves and who wish to devote themselves to temple work.

**Church Labor on Church Buildings:** A project which will take whatever steps are necessary to insure the use of Church labor on Church-financed buildings, and which will foster the placement of contracts only when and where the major use of Church labor is guaranteed.

**Standardization of Materials:** A project looking toward the standardization of materials to be used in Church buildings, the effect of which will make it possible for members of the Church to make their own building materials with Church labor.

**Church-wide Beautification:** A project to be conducted with the cooperation of the Presiding Bishopric which shall have as its objective the maintenance and improvement of Church properties through clean-up, paint-up, and landscaping activities, which will enhance the value as well as the attractiveness of our places of work and worship by protecting them from deterioration and by making of them inviting centers of community activity.

#### PERSONNEL

ALL of the General Authorities of the Church were in attendance at the conference with the exception of Dr. Richard R. Lyman who is now presiding over the European Mission. A notable event was the selection of Elder Albert E. Bowen (see page 276) to fill the place left

vacant in the Quorum of the Twelve by the death of Elder Alonzo A. Hinckley, and the appointment of Elder George Q. Morris (see page 282) as General Superintendent of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, to fill the place left vacant by the aforementioned change. Other general officers of the Church were presented by President Grant, at the morning session, April 6, and unanimously sustained as at present constituted.

Other personnel changes are included in the financial and statistical report.

#### OTHER ACTIVITIES

IN ADDITION to the many regularly held missionary reunions, committee meetings, mission presidents' meetings, and almost innumerable other small gatherings incident to general conference, there should be noted the major meetings of the Relief Society conference, April 2 and 3, of the Aaronic Priesthood, April 5, and of the Sunday School in the Tabernacle on the evening of Sunday, April 4. This last mentioned event was one of particular excellence and general interest, presenting the Brigham Young University Symphony Orchestra, the Tabernacle Choir, and a radio dramatized portrayal of the theme "Spiritual Guidance." The nationwide broadcasting of the Tabernacle choir from the conference session Sunday morning, and the broadcast of the B. Y. U. Symphony Sunday night were in addition to the regular broadcasting of general sessions.

#### FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL

THE FINANCIAL and statistical report of the Church, presented at the first session, Sunday morning, April 4, showed many notable gains. The complete report follows:



Photo Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune-Telegram.  
PRESIDENT BISHOP SYLVESTER Q. CANNON  
AND JOHN D. GILES AT THE AARONIC PRIESTHOOD MEETING.

#### CHURCH FINANCIAL AND STATISTICAL REPORT FOR 1936

The expenditures by the Church for the year 1936:

##### Stake and Ward Purposes

There has been returned from the tithes to the stakes and wards for the construction of ward and stake meeting houses .....	\$ 769,473.41
For ward maintenance expenses .....	741,596.60
For stake maintenance expenses .....	254,551.29
	<b>\$1,765,621.30</b>

##### Education

Expended for the maintenance of Church school system....	\$ 657,455.23
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THE GENERAL SECURITY COMMITTEE AT A  
PRE-CONFERENCE SESSION.  
Courtesy Deseret News.

#### Temples

Expended for the maintenance and operation of temples....	\$ 238,447.37
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#### Missionary Work

For the maintenance and operation of all the missions and for the erection of places of worship and other buildings in the missions .....	\$ 827,132.03
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<b>TOTAL</b> .....	<b>\$3,488,566.00</b>
Which has been taken from the tithes and other Church funds and returned by the Trustee-in-Trust to the Saints for the maintenance and operation of the stakes and wards, for the maintenance and operation of Church schools and temples, for charitable and mission activities.	

#### Charities

For the care of the worthy poor and other charitable purposes, including hospital treatment .....	234,019.17
In addition to charities paid from the tithes as before named, there have also been disbursed the fast offerings, other charities and assistance rendered by the Relief Society in the sum of \$554,349.93, which amount added to the \$234,019.17 paid from the tithes, makes the total charity assistance rendered by the Church .....	\$ 788,369.10

#### Primary Children's Hospital

One hundred forty-three children were treated at a cost of \$24,450, of which amount \$3,000 was appropriated by the First Presidency and \$22,018 contributed by the Primary Association

#### Church Security Program

In addition to the charities shown herewith, the following donations of cash and commodities have been received:

Cash (not including tithes and fast offerings) .....	\$ 50,350.00
Total for charities.....	<b>\$1,097,188.00</b>







PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON MAKES HIS WAY TO CONFERENCE IN THE RAIN.

37,661 bottles of fruits and vegetables.  
175,621 cans of fruits and vegetables.  
1,393 quilts.  
163 cords of wood.  
29 tons of coal.  
105,350 pounds of flour.  
363,640 pieces of clothing.  
1,934,536 pounds of fresh fruit.  
134,425 pounds of fresh vegetables.  
3,369 pounds of dried fruit.  
8,457 pounds of dried vegetables.  
264,513 pounds of grain.  
381 pounds of sugar.  
1,000 feet of lumber.  
23,975 pounds of meat.  
217,770 pounds of hay.  
1,937 pounds of honey, sorghum and molasses.  
658,334 pounds of potatoes.  
37,608 pounds miscellaneous.

#### Summary—Erection and Improvement of Church Buildings—1936

Appropriated for ward and stake buildings .....	\$ 769,473.00
Amount raised locally (40%) .....	513,000.00
Total .....	\$1,282,473.00
Improvements in Temples.....	61,282.00
Appropriated for mission buildings .....	160,997.00
Grand Total .....	\$1,504,752.00

#### Employment—Church Security Program

Number of persons provided temporary or permanent employment in private industry to Dec. 31, 1936.....	2,292
Approximate number of persons on farm, canning, sewing and other projects during 1936:	
Those who needed assistance .....	3,865

Those who did not need assistance .....	13,712
Total number of individual persons in families who secured assistance from May 1, to Dec. 31, 1936 .....	24,317

#### Fast Offerings—Information

	Increase over 1935
Fast offerings paid in wards.....	125%
Fast offerings paid in missions .....	26%
Total fast offerings .....	107.3%
Number who paid fast offerings in wards .....	76.4%
Number who paid fast offerings in missions .....	25%



CONFERENCE GOERS WEATHER A SPRING SNOW.



A POLICEMAN OUT IN THE WEATHER TO HANDLE CONFERENCE CROWDS AND TRAFFIC.

BELOW: STAKE PRESIDENTS, BISHOPS AND HIGH PRIESTS ENTERING THE TABERNACLE. Photos on this page by L. Van Wagoner



Total who paid fast offerings .....	68%
Average per capita fast offerings in wards .....	120%
Wards showing highest per capita fast offerings:	
Manhattan Ward, New York Stake .....	\$ 1.91
San Francisco Ward, San Francisco Stake .....	1.79
Grant Ward, Rigby Stake.....	1.77
Rosette Ward, Curlew Stake .....	1.53

81 wards paid over \$1.00 per capita.

Missions showing highest per capita fast offerings:	
Czechoslovak .....	\$ 1.96
Palestine-Syrian .....	.59
Swiss-German .....	.59
Eastern States .....	.55

#### Expended for the Maintenance of Missionaries

There has been collected by the various wards of the Church and paid to missionaries to assist in their maintenance .....

Average cost per missionary in the missions during the year 1936, \$29 per month, or a total of \$348 per year per missionary. There was an average of 1,794 missionaries in the various missions during 1936, making a total average expense for the year, (\$348,000 x 1,794) .....

Estimated average earnings per missionary \$900 per year x 1,794 average of missionaries, makes an estimated total of what these missionaries might have earned if at home of.....

Making a total estimated contribution of missionaries and their families to the Church for the preaching of the Gospel .....

#### Statistics and Other Data Compiled From the Annual Reports for the Year 1936

There were on Dec. 31, 1936: 118 stakes of Zion, 1,001 wards; 80 independent branches; or a total of 1,081

(Concluded on page 323)

# NO DANCE PROGRAMS!

THIS INTERESTING B. Y. U. EXPERIMENT HAS PROVED TO BE AN AID TO GREATER SOCIABILITY AND TO MORE PLEASANT DANCING.

By LA RELLE NELSON

*Brigham Young University Dance Chairman*



JUNIOR PROM, 1936, WOMEN'S GYM, B. Y. U.

THE CUSTOM of trading dances ahead for the entire evening—of carrying a bothersome pencil and paper around—of wondering if this is the ninth or thirteenth dance—of hunting for partners until half the dance is over—of trying to read names scribbled with a three-sixteenths inch pencil—of arriving half an hour late and finding everyone else's program full—These and other stumbling blocks to enjoyment that go with dance programs have been eliminated by the students of Brigham Young University.

The movement began in February, 1936, when the Junior Prom committee, headed by Elmer Crowley, chairman, and supported by Professor Wilma Jeppson, recreation leader, abolished programs for

the '36 Prom. In place of the usual pencil and paper with its fuss and fumble, dancers were asked to trade only one dance at a time, thus preventing the confusion of trying to remember half a dozen ahead.

The improvement in sociability and group enjoyment was tremendous. In fact, so successful did the new idea prove that at the beginning of the current school year, the student council voted unanimously to adopt the policy of no programs for student dances throughout the year.

Then came friction. Even students dislike being jarred out of ruts; so, like most changes, the new system met opposition. The main part of this opposition came from couples who continued to trade several dances ahead in the mistaken hope that they could remember but only succeeded in getting mixed up. And, it was discovered, the crux of the whole matter lies in this one point. The plan will not work as long as the program system is followed whether it is a piece of paper or a memory that is used to record the dances. The one rule that must

be held to rigidly is: *Only trade one dance ahead!*

FINALLY, after some discussion, an appeal was made to the student body in which it was proposed that they cooperate wholeheartedly for three months and give the new system a fair trial. At the end of that time if programs were still wanted, they would be reinstated. That was over six months ago. Now, "Y" students wouldn't have dance programs back.

"It certainly is a relief not to have to lug a pencil and paper around all evening," is a common remark from fellows while the girls are equally emphatic from another angle, saying, "It surely seems grand not to waste half the dance hunting for partners. All programs were good for anyhow were souvenirs and they weren't much good for that."

This year's Prom chairman, George Killian, gave full support to the new plan and the beautiful "Arabian Lights" Prom was highly successful—presented February 26 without dance programs.

In addition to "No Dance Programs" and as further essential steps toward finer, more enjoyable dancing, Professor Jeppson urges the following: (Concluded on opposite page)

JUNIOR PROMENADE, 1936, LOOKING TOWARD THE ORCHESTRA (WOMEN'S GYM, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY).



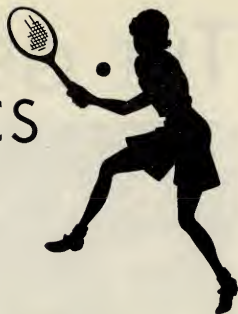




# A DILEMMA IN ATHLETICS

BY  
ALICE ALLENE SEFTON

*Vice-Chairman Women's Division,  
National Amateur Athletic  
Federation*



IN times past certain games used to monopolize the whole physical education program. For example, basketball had an exaggerated and conspicuous prominence on the program; in fact, it frequently was thought of as the whole program, as synonymous with physical education. Instructors of necessity relegated to the background the art of teaching all types of skills in favor of developing basketball to a high point of perfection that they might excel in competition with other coaches and schools. The basketball season in schools often lasted from October to April—seven long months. It was little wonder that students who really liked the game, many times became over-trained, and those who did not enjoy the game acquired a deeper distaste for it and a lasting aversion to physical education as a whole, because to them it was exemplified by this one activity.

This over-emphasis on basketball prevented any student from developing a variety of recreational interests while in school.

The training season for basketball began to grow shorter, however, as leaders of students came to see the value in other games and discovered how much fun they really are. One girl came to college

with such an intense liking for basketball that she said no other game could ever compare with it. After a season of hockey, which, by the way, lasted only seven weeks, her attitude changed; she said, "I didn't know hockey could be so much fun! A hockey game takes more players and therefore calls for greater team work, you cover more ground, and it's great fun to play outdoors. Now I don't know which I like better, basketball or hockey!"

A teacher may be partial to teaching one sport only, to the exclusion of other phases of the program that might yield just as rich rewards; as in the case of the teacher who had specialized in swimming and was called upon to take over the dancing in an orientation course in physical education for freshmen. She became so enthusiastic over it that she declared, "I'm getting worried for fear I'm going to like dancing too much. I never want to like anything better than swimming." It often happens that through exploring the possibilities in other activities, new and lasting interests are discovered.

It is important for growing girls to be offered a wider variety of activities from which to make their choices, so great a variety that every girl will have sports for every season and games to suit her fancies. It is the obligation and privilege of

those identified with educational programs, as leaders, to help students acquire a variety of skills and to aid them in making more discriminating choices, so that their play time will yield them the greatest possible returns in health and cultural values—returns that need never end in their constant enjoyment.

This is the dilemma of every athlete—the choices that he or she has to make among his leisure time and other activities. The school can offer opportunities for the exploration and development of individuals in their recreational life. And the teacher can help them appreciably in building a "hierarchy of values" so that, as the years go by, the individual, building constantly on past experience, learns to make ever more discriminating choices.

It is for these ideals and for the highest possible standards in recreational opportunities for girls that the Women's Division of the National Amateur Athletic Federation has been striving these many years. (See *Improvement Era*, February, 1936, page 109.) Their "Platform" is the working basis for all-round programs in athletics for girls, and has been the starting point for much improvement in these programs.

## NO DANCE PROGRAMS

(Concluded from opposite page)

"First of all, put the emphasis on the couple. Charge fifteen cents admission a couple and seventy-five cents for single persons. Make it so that people can't afford to go stag to dances. In couples, the young man is at his best because he is a host, responsible for the enjoyment of his partner. The girl, on her part, is guest, and so strives to be pleasant and agreeable. The stag, on the other hand, feels no social obligation to behave properly—and usually doesn't."

Crude surroundings are conducive to crudeness. Every effort should be made to enhance the charm and good atmosphere of the dance hall with ferns, drapes, indirect lighting, and good ventilation.

"No pass-out checks and no intermission." Miss Jeppson states emphatically. "If there are unwholesome incidents connected with dancing, they usually take place outside the hall. With young people inside, pleasantly dancing, the temptation to 'take a snifter' or 'go for a ride' is eliminated."

The perfect dance is a gathering where everyone is at ease; no wall-flowers because everybody has a partner; no smoking, drinking, or intermission parties because everyone stays inside; and no fussing with pencil and paper because dance programs are done away with. All of these combined will bring a new spontaneity of grace and social enjoyment to the dance, toward which goal the abolishment of dance programs has proved to be an important step.

# THE GERMAN GIRL OF TODAY

By ELIZABETH H. WELKER

*Directing Women's Activities in the German-Austrian Mission*



SHOWING ONE TYPE OF WORK DONE BY GERMAN GIRLS IN "ARBEIT DIENST" (WORK CAMPS) IN GERMANY.

THE German girl of today has a most wholesome outlook upon life. First of all imbued with the ideal of her nation, "To build a superior race," she is doing all in her power to build a strong, vigorous body. She has no false ideals about "a slender, willowy form." To be thin is neither beautiful nor healthy looking in the eyes of the German people; rather it is an indication or confession that she is not quite normal, and everyone shrinks from that.

She has no false notions about food. All luxuries are simply taboo. So, knowing food values, she wastes little money on foods that will not do all they should in building a perfect body. Right or wrong, she is taught that sugar should be used sparingly and she uses all sweets sparingly, if she uses them at all.

She knows that tobacco has no food value so asks, "Why use it?" And I dare say little tobacco is used by the girls of Germany than by those of any other nation. Again, tobacco is a luxury and it is a confession of weakness to indulge in luxuries, and, above all things, she prides herself on her strength, and the use of tobacco is not conducive to building strength.

Not only does she know food values, but she knows the value of food and how essential it is to help build a strong, healthy body. She carries food with her wherever she goes; she eats between classes at school. If she goes to town, she carries a sandwich, not a sweet and not an ice. When she is hungry, it is food she needs and she sup-

plies it. Even at the opera she has her sandwiches of dark bread and ground meat. Right or wrong again, the German people teach her she should eat frequently. Have you noticed how many scientists are teaching the same thing today?

She has no false ideas about clothes, either. She knows when it is cold her body should be covered, and it is. Her underclothing has a definite purpose, and that purpose is not to be seen. Woolen sweaters are far more essential in her wardrobe than is silk. Nor has she any false notions about "high insteps that demand high heels." She knows her shoes and those she wears permit her to walk ten miles any day, or thirty miles if she chooses, which she frequently does, for she knows the value of walking to her body-building process.

The entire German nation is imbued with this health program. It goes strongly for "sun-tan," and the deeper the shade, the more popular.

"Make-up" is a luxury, and almost wholly unused by girls here, for in addition to the luxury side,

WOMAN'S WORK HERE IS EQUAL TO THAT OF ANY COUNTRY I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT. THE GERMAN GIRL KNOWS THE VALUE OF FOOD, THE PURPOSE OF CLOTHING, AND THE MEANING OF HEALTH.

German people have an almost primitive dislike for it. Long hair is favored and the characteristic hair dress is the long braid over each shoulder.

I have read "when a German youth comes to court a German girl he finds her pedigree chart hung in the front hall," but long before he comes to call he has looked her over as a possible mother for his children, and unless she measures up to his ideal of at least a perfect body, he does not call. Motherhood is the ideal of this entire people. Every girl knows that the greatest thing she can do for her country is to give it good, healthy children.

GERMAN people, both men and women, "accept work as the daily God-sent task;" thus work is raised from a merely material point of view. Each German is made to feel that his work, no matter how humble, is his contribution to German life and each is made to feel

GERMAN GIRLS BEING TRAINED IN A CAMP. ALL GIRLS WHO DESIRE TO GO TO COLLEGE MUST FIRST GIVE SIX MONTHS' SERVICE IN ONE OF THESE CAMPS.







GERMAN GIRLS WHO HAVE GIVEN THEIR DAY'S SERVICE IN THE FIELDS, ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CAMP.

that all work is honorable whether it is street cleaning or that of a highly trained mind—one just as necessary as the other. Recently we attended the opening of a new highway. Many state officials were there. When the ceremony was over, trucks had been provided, and every man who had done any work on the highway, with his family, was given the opportunity to ride over it before even state officials could do so.

However these people are taught that where one works for hours and nerves are strained, an occasional relaxation is necessary, because it is a solemn duty to keep their bodies at the highest point of efficiency. "The object of all organization of leisure must always be, according to our conviction, to show people their own possibilities, to teach them to face their daily work with pleasure, to know and to be able to develop the best in themselves, to have clear eyes and a happy heart." So Germany has an organization, national, known as the *Kraft Durch Freude* (Power through joy) whose work it is to direct physical activities, or a program to develop the same. "Here we do not aim at sensational achievements, but use exercises as a foundation for a healthy body." Thus the schools offer no fancy, useless courses in physical education; every exercise has its place in the building of strong muscles, for every muscle must be developed.

Not only do the schools teach physical exercise courses, but the nation is so organized that every individual may belong, in fact is urged to belong, to some group engaged in either swimming, rowing, gymnastic or some form of phys-

ical development. It is a most common sight to see thousands of men, women, and children out on Sunday mornings on a public street or course, competing in some form of physical activity. The whole nation is playing and encouraged more and more to play.

Perhaps nowhere in the world has the idea of a yearly vacation for everyone worked out so successfully as in Germany. The *Kraft Durch Freude* has worked out a system of vacations and reduced the price of traveling so that practically every person may travel throughout Germany for a vacation. "We want people to take a journey once a year and enjoy themselves in the company of others in order to open their eyes and hearts and return to their work with new thoughts and energy. In 1934 we had two million such travelers; in 1935 the number increased and exceeded five million, 45 per cent of which were women." A savings account is encouraged throughout the year for such a journey. But the real beauty of the plan is seen in the joy it has brought into the lives of the mothers of the nation. "The working wife and mother certainly carries the heaviest burden all over the world, and we German women have tried to improve her lot" is a quotation from Dr. Schlos-Klink, sometimes called the German woman's *Fuehrer*.

Did you expect to hear that such a movement was working successfully in Germany? Thousands of university girls are donating their own vacation periods to take the place of the mother who works in a factory, the girl to do her work and the mother to have a vacation at full pay. Even mothers in busy homes get their vacations. Either

one of these girls replaces her while she travels with the *Kraft Durch Freude* group or goes to one of the numerous recreation homes for mothers, or else the family is taken care of by the volunteer service of the N. S. V. Formerly these mothers did not go on vacations because of the financial loss which arose thereby, but when this service is given her, she, too, joins the great army of vacationists. The university girl who gives her time receives free room and board so that it costs her nothing but her time, and that is her proud contribution to her country.

To those of us who have heard that only ten per cent of the German girls were allowed in college, it was rather a surprise to find that any girl who has satisfactorily passed her under-school examinations is welcomed in the universities, but before entering she must have credit for six months' work in the *Arbeit Dienst* (work service) camp. This work brings her near the mothers and real workers of the country and teaches her how necessary work is in life and relieves her of any false notions she may have had about the "under class." That this is a real education for her is attested to by the fact that she cheerfully goes back during her vacation periods to relieve others, more burdened than herself.

Again I say that the German girl has a most wholesome outlook on life and is playing her part in the program of her country and in many ways has she shown that she will do her full part to develop a "superior race."



# THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

THE LIFE story of Emmeline B. Woodward Wells, the author of the exquisite hymn entitled "Our Mountain Home So Dear" filled as it was with romance, pathos, courage, and devotion, reads like an imagined romance. I am indebted to her daughter, Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon, for the facts here given.

She was born in Petersham, Worcester County, Massachusetts, February 29, 1828. Of Puritan descent and distinguished ancestry, she was proud of the fact that her father, David Woodward, was in the war of 1812, and her grandfather, a soldier of the American Revolution. Having natural talent she was graduated from school at fifteen. She was baptized into the Mormon Church at fourteen and emigrated from New England to Nauvoo with a family named Harris to whose young son she was married in order to leave the state legally. The Harris family apostatized and left Nauvoo but the young wife refused to leave the people of her chosen faith. She afterwards married Presiding Bishop Newell K. Whitney and with his family left Nauvoo in the exodus of 1846. Her mother, following in a later company, died of hardships on the journey, and was buried by the wayside in an unmarked grave on the Iowa prairies.

While in Nauvoo Mrs. Wells, under the influence of the Prophet's teaching, obtained a lasting testimony of the divinity of his mission. She was also present at the memorable meeting at the "Grove" when the mantle of the Prophet Joseph fell upon Brigham Young, and so transfigured him that the people marveled.

"Aunt Em" as she was known, came to Utah in 1848 and after the birth of two daughters, misfortune again befell her in the sudden death of her husband. After two years of struggle she married General Daniel H. Wells. Three daughters were the fruit of this union. Her home was a gathering place for friends and distinguished guests. Here began her active participation in public affairs. She was a leading figure in the struggle for woman's suffrage. In 1875 she was assistant editor and in 1877 became editor of the *Woman's*

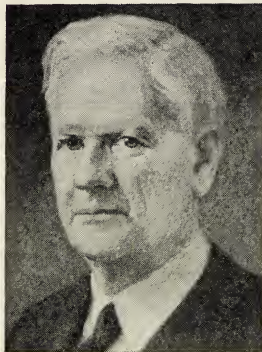
By GEORGE D. PYPER

*General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union and First Assistant Chairman of the Church Music Committee*

## XIX. Our Mountain Home, So Dear

WORDS BY  
EMMELINE B.  
WOODWARD WELLS

MUSIC BY  
EVAN STEPHENS



GEORGE D. PYPER FROM A PAINTING  
BY LEE GREENE RICHARDS

*an's Exponent.* For thirty-nine years she wrote in behalf of women's progress and in defense of her people. After many years of literary work the Brigham Young University on February 29, 1912, conferred upon her the honorary degree of doctor of literature—this in her eighty-fourth year.

Mrs. Wells was the founder and patron of several literary, patriotic, and study organizations, among them the Utah Women's Press Club, The Reapers' Club, and the Utah Society of the Daughters of the Revolution.

Honors, national and local, came

to this remarkable woman. As delegate to American and international councils and conventions her life was flooded. She was chosen to unveil the beautiful Seagull monument on Temple Square. In October, 1910, she was called to preside over the Relief Society, a position which she held until three weeks before her death, which occurred April 25, 1921. On her one hundredth anniversary a marble bust was presented by the women of the state, which occupies an honored niche in the rotunda of the Utah State Capitol. The inscription reads:

*A fine soul who served us.\**

Now concerning the song which is the subject of this sketch:

One day "Aunt Em" in conversation with Evan Stephens, whose genius she greatly admired, told him of a love song in her possession that she would like to have set to music. He readily accepted an invitation for an evening at her home and after the reading of the poem mentioned, Evan said, "Why don't you write the words for a song for me to set to music, Sister Wells?" She promised to think about it, and that same night, while all others were sleeping, "Aunt Em" wrote "Our Mountain Home So Dear." The song with Professor Stephens' lovely music has an appealing charm and is very popular. He himself remarked when choosing the six songs for the Columbia records to be made for the Church in New York, that it was one of his favorites and that he preferred it to his own hymn bearing a similar name.

On one occasion when a quartette was singing this song at a large party given in honor of "Aunt Em's" birthday, President Anthon H. Lund turned to her and said "God bless you, 'Aunt Em,' for writing that beautiful hymn." This compliment for her poetic nature, pleased "Aunt Em" greatly, for she placed much confidence in President Lund's opinions. Incidentally the other song which "Aunt Em" gave Professor Stephens to set to music, he took with him to Boston when he attend-

\*Other and interesting details concerning the life of "Aunt Em" Wells may be found in the *Relief Society Handbook* and in other works and periodicals.



ed the conservatory of music for a term, and it won for him a prize in a competition and was much admired.

Mrs. Wells was outstanding in her interest in and development of talent in the community, especially among the youth of Zion. She recognized genius and was an ardent supporter by her influence and with her pen of all who showed the least inclination in the field of art. Of an artistic temperament herself, she drew around her a coterie of friends among whom nothing could be more delightful than an evening in her home where conversation sparkled with the wit and wisdom of men and women who loved books, pictures, statuary, travel and music. It was in her home where the Wasatch Literary Club was organized, a group of young men and women whose names have made history among their people, many of them holding high office in church and state while others excelled in literary and artistic lines.

When she became acquainted with Evan Stephens, two kindred spirits met, both loving music, art, and God's beautiful outdoors. As a result of their mutual admiration for nature came this exquisite song. It tells its own story; it makes its own appeal. Any attempt to analyze it by any other than a master's pen would spoil it. And so, read it for yourself; ponder every line and study it for it is a literary mosaic.

#### EVAN STEPHENS

THE NAME of Evan Stephens awakens such a flood of recollections as warms the soul and makes the heart beat faster, "There are moments in life," says one writer, "that we never forget, which brighten and brighten as time steals away." Such moments are often recorded by me, of an intimate association with Professor Stephens of nearly half a century. It is not my intention, however, to write here the story of his life\* but to tell of some of my personal contacts with him and describe a few of his unique characteristics.

From the date of his birth in the little town of Pencader, South Wales, June 28th, 1854, until the time of his death, October 27th, 1930, Evan Stephens' life was one of unceasing activity. When he was twelve years of age he came over the ocean with his parents in a sailing vessel and walked across the

\*For details of Evan Stephens' history see *Jenson's Biographical Encyclopedia; Juvenile Instructor*, Vol. 37, p. 279; Vol. 58, page 491; Vol. 65, p. 721; also *Relief Society Magazine* and *Children's Friend*.



EMMELINE B. WELLS

### OUR MOUNTAIN HOME, SO DEAR

By Emmeline B. Wells

OUR mountain home so dear,  
Where crystal waters clear  
Flow ever free;  
While through the valleys wide,  
The flowers on ev'ry side,  
Blooming in stately pride,  
Are fair to see.

We'll roam the verdant hills,  
And by the sparkling rills  
Pluck the wild flowers;  
The fragrance on the air,  
The landscape bright and fair,  
And sunshine everywhere,  
Make pleasant hours.

In sylvan depth and shade,  
In forest and in glade,  
Where'er we pass,  
The hand of God we see,  
In leaf, and bud, and tree,  
Or bird or humming bee,  
Or blade of grass.

The streamlet, flower and sod  
Bespeak the works of God,  
And all combine  
With most exquisite grace,  
His handiwork to trace,  
Through nature's smiling face,  
In art divine.

EVAN STEPHENS



plains, arriving in Salt Lake City, October 2nd, 1866. A week later the family located in Willard, Utah, where his desire to become a musician took firm root. His lowly occupations—herd boy, farm hand, wood cutter, hod carrier, railway section hand—did not stand in the way of his ambition. His talents soon secured for him "a place in the sun." Step by step he rose from obscurity to the highest position in the realm of music within the gift of his Church. His struggles and victory under adverse conditions constitute a real life lesson for every young man.

A book might be written on his various musical activities, but the high spot of his career was, of course, his work as director of the Tabernacle Choir. It was while the Choir was at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, that President Woodruff said: "A shepherd boy came down from the mountains and is here today to contest in this great competition." The choir won second prize with \$1000 and a gold medal for the conductor.

In looking over the diary and scrap book of Brother Stephens one is utterly amazed at the tremendous and dynamic energy of the man. I doubt if a tab of his life would register one moment of idle time. For his work among children alone a debt of gratitude is due him.

He left many unpublished manuscripts. I asked him once which of all his compositions he liked the best. He answered: "Like most fond parents, I find it impossible to answer this seemingly easy question. To me compositions like people vary in personal impression. Each in its own way may appeal to me strongly. Some arouse within me a feeling of satisfaction and pride for the workmanship as well as the emotional content—something like a fond parent may feel over having a child who proves a real leader in the community." Among other things he said that just as a mother loves her unpopular and unnoticed children, so his neglected, unpublished creations held highest place in his esteem.

Another song writer expressed the same thought in the following lines:  
Oh, my uncared for songs, what are ye worth

That in my secret book, with so much care

I write you this one here and t'is one there,  
Marking the time and order of your birth.

Robert Bridges.

Several song books were published by Elder Stephens and eighty-six  
(Concluded on page 311)

# REMEMBERING COLONIA DIAZ

BY

S. C. RICHARDSON, JR.



AROUND THE OLD COYOTE ROCK THAT SUPPORTED THE FRONT WINDOW OF RENA RICHARDSON'S HOME. LEFT TO RIGHT: HERMAN BLAU, THE AUTHOR, THE AUTHOR'S MOTHER, TERESSA RICHARDSON; IREL RICHARDSON, MYNDA ANDERSON, HANS ANDERSON, AND GILBERT RICHARDSON.

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning, July 28, 1912. Night draped itself heavily over the sleeping town of Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico. The pounding hoofbeats of a galloping horse suddenly broke the stillness. The shadowy rider moved rhythmically to the swing of the mad pace as they burst into the town's main street from the four miles of brush and river bottom between Diaz and La Ascension. A "runner" had arrived at the home of Bishop Ernest Romney.

Hundreds of people in the Church today will remember that morning. They may not have been there to participate in the bewildering sequence of events that either preceded or followed the appearance of that rider. But members of their family were. And those hoof beats at two o'clock in the morning still sound in their memories as the beginning of the final chapter in the history of Colonia Diaz.

And last summer, as we stood in the middle of what used to be main street, there raced through our minds as clearly as if it had been yesterday, that day twenty-four years ago

when we played our part with the rest of the townspeople in that final scene: The too real drama of refugees leaving their homes. A saga of wagons, dust-choked roads, grimaced men and women, miles of mesquite and gray brush, apprehensive looks backward for pursuing Red Flaggers, the 'Corner' of Uncle Sam's domain, and peace.

It was during the presidency of John Taylor that Diaz was first settled. Polygamists, hunted and persecuted in the United States, finally sought refuge across the border in Chihuahua. They answered the call of the Church to colonize Mexico with the same spirit that their fathers and mothers had answered the call to go to the Rocky Mountains forty years before. It was paradoxical that some twenty-eight or nine years later they were to return to the United States in search of the protection which could not be found there in the 1880's.

The settlers reached Diaz and began building before the authorities of the Church visited them. When Apostle Teasdale came he dedicated a spot about two miles farther west as the townsite and named it Rock Joseph. But Diaz was already started, and people were loath to pick up and move again, even that far. Brother Teasdale's inspiration was verified, how-

AS THEY BUILT THEIR CAMPFIRES, SANG SONGS, AND DRIED OUT WATER-SOAKED BEDDING, FEW OF THE EIGHT HUNDRED MORMON REFUGEES WHO LEFT MEXICO JULY 28, 1912, EXPECTED TO BE GONE MORE THAN THREE DAYS TO A WEEK—BUT THAT WAS TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO—AND HERE IS A POIGNANT PICTURE OF A LATE RETURN.

THE author, Sullivan C. Richardson, was born in Colonia Diaz, Chihuahua, Mexico, and came out with the colonists in 1912. Later he lived in Arizona in the St. Joseph Stake until he left for a mission in the Central States. Graduation from Northwestern University in Chicago and Evanston was carried on with advertising and merchandising activities in Chicago.

For the last six years has been in Detroit, a member of the advertising staff of the Detroit News, contacting merchants and manufacturers both in New York and Detroit. He has been active in Church work from the beginning.

ever, when floods began coming down the river and a levee had to be built around Diaz to keep the waters out. How well I remember as a child the well known call "Everybody, everybody. Out with your shovels. The water's running over the levee." I don't know just when it first began, but we children used to yell it over and over in play because it had rhythm and excitement.

BUT DURING the final two years in

Diaz there was little need to search for excitement. The bloody political revolution against Porfirio Diaz gained headway. Marauding bands of Red Flaggers, bandits, and rebels were a constant menace to the little colony. The upper Mormon towns of Juarez and Dublin



were closer together, with railroad facilities to El Paso, and a little more security generally. But isolated Diaz was on its own; forty miles from the railroad at Guzman; sixty miles from the border at Columbus, and nineteen miles from the closest corner of the United States which jutted down into Chihuahua from the Hatchet Mountains of New Mexico. No wonder there was worry on the faces of the townspeople.

When the school officials told us children we must throw away our wooden guns and pistols and stop playing war (one side being rebels and the other government), we thought they were robbing us. We didn't know they were afraid that Mexican eyes might see and misinterpret. We couldn't understand what it meant if the Mormons were suspected of favoring either rebels or government. But the townsmen did. And the townswomen did. And the constant question of safety wrote itself in their faces.

Then came the requests from the government and rebels alike for the Mormon guns. How to remain neutral and retain firearms was a problem. To give them up and lay the town open to marauding mercy was unthinkable. To refuse was a gesture of defiance and fight.

The closing net of circumstance grew tighter. Once, twice, and more, the town saw yelling bands of rebels or Red Flaggers ride like mad into Main street firing their "six shooters" with crazy abandon as they galloped. Stopping at the store they threw a guard over the people around the building, sent out horsemen in twos or more to patrol the streets against surprise attack, took what they wanted from the store's stock, gathered their men again and rode madly out, emphasizing their departure with more yells and pistol shots.

To take these repeated raids without opposition required courage and judgment. The townspeople had it.

Then came the final weeks. The school bell was kept silent to be used only in case of emergency or alarm. War, safety, evacuation, intervention by the United States were discussed on every hand. At last real trouble broke.

Frank Whiting was up with a crying baby at two o'clock one morning and looking from his window he saw shadowy forms prying in the store doors. Quietly he left the house, rounded up a few men and went back to the store. Quickly the word spread to others. The grim crowd grew. On investigation the looters proved to be only two Mexicans. Discovering the townsmen they made a break for freedom. There was gunfire. Intentional or not, one of the Mexicans was killed and left by his partner in a ditch by the roadside. A few days later a Mexican called Sesarrio sent word the dead man was his brother; that he would get two "gringos" to pay for the one killing. The threat could not be ignored. Everyone was warned to be careful and avoid being anywhere alone.

NOONDAY, about a week later, a rider suddenly burst into the town shouting, "The Mexicans have killed Brother Harvey." Women hurried their children indoors. Men took their guns and gathered quietly at the store. The messenger was James Harvey's son. Quickly he told the story. He and his brothers were out in the field with their father about three miles southwest of town. The father left them and went to a little house standing across the field for water. Suddenly the boys looked up and saw a Mexican pursuing their father around a corner of the house. There was a pistol shot and James Harvey dropped. To be sure his work was complete, Sesarrio took a shovel and the boys in the field saw him beat the fallen man over the head. In a few moments the assailant fled, and this son, finding a horse, sped into town with the news. Half Sesarrio's threat had been carried out.



THE GHOSTLY SENTINEL MARKS THE SITE OF A HOME IN DIAZ, TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

While the men around the store were still talking, a small band of Red Flaggers broke out to Main street with their usual yelling and shooting. As they drew up at the store they were met with the armed and grim-faced men of Diaz. Mistaking the intention of the guns, the Red Flaggers surrendered. Upon learning the cause of the gathering they offered to ride with the "Americanos" in search of Sesarrio, and were accepted. But Sesarrio was never found.

Events moved forward. Domer Adams, wife of William Adams, had just died. Their daughter Edith was in the United States with her husband, Charles Parks. They

MAIN STREET—LOOKING SOUTH—IT WAS DOWN THIS STREET THAT THE REBELS AND RED FLAGGERS USED TO RIDE, YELLING, AND FIRING THEIR PISTOLS INTO THE AIR.





LIKE A CITY OF THE DEAD. BROKEN TREES, STARK RUINS, BRUSH GROWN STREETS—ALL THAT IS LEFT TO TELL THE STORY OF ONCE HAPPY COLONIA DIAZ.

hurried to Diaz and crossed the border without the usual passport proceedings, being told by one Juan Carrion, "esta bueno." An officer who was to have checked on their passports came for them and Will Adams believing he could handle the situation told his son-in-law to stay in the house and he would go out and fix it up.

But there was no fixing. An argument followed and the Mexican shot Brother Adams through the neck and fled. He was not followed. The picket fence by which Will Adams had been standing was whitewashed and one more episode in the mounting dramatic finale was closed.

By this time the tenseness throughout revolt-torn Mexico was at white heat. Madero's revolutionists were gaining recruits and confidence. The government was sputtering. Church authorities in Salt Lake City left the matter of safety and definite decision regarding evacuation to the Juarez stake leaders. People were loath to leave their homes, even temporarily, though it was felt the trouble would soon blow over and the Mormons could return to their homes. The same demands for arms were made of the upper colonies as with Diaz, but the nearness of Juarez and Dublin to each other made the safety situation less critical.

Then came the climax. The demand for guns—or else. Stake authorities told Levi Tenny on the mad ride to Diaz to warn the townsmen and the upper colonies decided to move temporarily to El Paso. It was Tenny who galloped into sleeping Diaz at two a. m. that final morning of July 28.

The events that followed were no less dramatic than the preceding ones. The school bell rang. A mass meeting was called at seven 300

a. m. Bishop Romney in quiet council advised with others that the town evacuate.

"What about the guns?" came the question.

"Leave them," was the answer. "We will be protected if we do not fire the first shot."

A vote was taken. The decision made. Firearms were hidden away as were most valuables and at 10:30 a. m. the eight hundred people were ready to leave.

I PERSONALLY will never forget that morning. For us youngsters it was adventure of the highest order. But we could never know what it meant. Only the men and women who had built homes and forced a living from the desert could appreciate the possible consequences of an exodus.

A few young men on horses were left in the town to watch proceedings when the rebels arrived. It wasn't many hours. The revolution-mad Mexicans were so angry when they found the Mormons gone, and no guns or ammunition to strengthen the rebel cause, they sacked the town and burned it.

That night, nineteen miles away, a stone's throw beyond the border in Uncle Sam's territory, eight hundred refugees built campfires, sang songs, dried out bedding soaked in a sudden avalanche of rain, and wondered what had happened to their homes in the few hours since their departure. Few of these people expected to be gone longer than three days to a week.

That was twenty-four years ago.

My mother had never been back to her home since that July day. And when I wrote early last spring that I would drive to Arizona during my vacation, pick her up, and make the trip down to Colonia Diaz, she was excited with anticipation. The rest of the family joined in.

We met in Verdun, New Mexico. Six o'clock Saturday morning we were on our way: two car loads.

We had little trouble getting across the border at Columbus. A press identification letter in Spanish from the *Detroit News* turned the trick without expense in Palomas, and with a little poorly spoken native advice that we try the old road around through the Boca Grande mountains if we wanted to go direct to Diaz, we were off. A hazy remembrance of twenty-four years was our only guide.

I have never driven such torturous road in an automobile. To call it road at all is an insult to a good sheep trail. For six and a half hours we dodged boulders, high centers, washed out ruts, mesquite roots and snags. We were lost completely after getting through the Boca Grande, but finally found ourselves on the old road over which we had traveled with the rest of Diaz twenty-four years before.

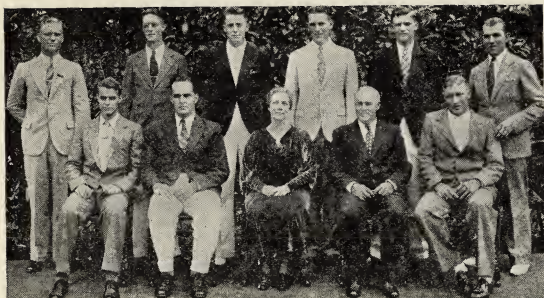
It was no longer a road. Grown in with brush; filled with mud and rocks, it was barely recognizable, but at last we began seeing land marks my mother, my older brother and sister knew. When we finally saw the broken trees and stark ruins of the town laid out before us, we stopped for a few minutes in silence before driving on into the old streets. It was hardly a time for conversation.

We came in on the old street where Andrew Anderson lived, and his was the first place we positively identified. From there it was easy. The bleached mound of adobes and broken brick that marked the site of the school and church house. The old amusement house, Bishop William Derby Johnson's old place, the store, around which so many dramatic sequences took place. Then my father's first wife's house. Only the chimney standing. A block away, our own home. The place I was born. The huge locust trees were gone: only a shoot of the old walnut tree mother loved so well

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# HOW FARES THE CHURCH IN SAMOA



By WM. W. WADDOUPS

President of the Samoan Mission

IN THE FORTY-EIGHT YEARS THAT THE GOSPEL HAS BEEN TAUGHT IN SAMOA, MUCH HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED

FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: ELDERS W. GLEN NEWMAN, JOSEPH M. FERRIN, SISTER OLIVIA S. WADDOUPS, PRES. WM. W. WADDOUPS, EDWARD T. GAMBLE, DIST. PRES. BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: BURL E. MERRILL, IVAN M. LEWIS, PAUL E. CHILD, JAMES B. WHITMER, RUEL W. KELSEY AND DEAN T. ARCHIBALD.

THE CHURCH building and its surrounding grounds is much more to Samoa and her people than a place of worship; it is a social center. It is often the only public place in the village. In and around it centers the religious, the social, and the public affairs of the whole village. Its doors and its grounds are always open. There is also an atmosphere of home and family life about it. To this house come worshippers on Sunday. To its grounds flock children and youth for games and play. Often there is built in connection with it the home of the *faifeau* or missionary. Here the chiefs can assemble for their frequent *fono* or council meeting. Here too, can be held the *fesilafaiga* or *ava* ceremony, which is always such a great factor in the welcome and honor accorded honored guests and visitors to the village.

The churches and grounds of the Mormon Church are no exception. In every village where a branch of our Church is organized can be found the *faifeau* and his Samoan cottage. Here can be seen almost any hour of any day, the *faifeau*, his family, his friends, and investigators, sitting cross-legged on the floor, in a friendly, leisurely discussion, or engaged in the time worn *fesilafaiga* or *ava* ceremony.

If you could have been with us on October 30th, 31st and November 1st, you would have seen Samoan men with wives and children arriving from every direction at our headquarters at Pesega, carrying along

IN the letter with which this intensely interesting account of the Church in Samoa was enclosed, President Waddoups writes:

"No printed matter reaching our missionaries is so much appreciated and valued as the Era. It is like a gift from Heaven. It is very helpful to us in our work, as a text, and as inspirational matter of a very high order. We most earnestly hope we will never be forced to be without it."

with them a change or two of clothing, and heavily packed home woven baskets, containing generous supplies of taro, bananas, breadfruit, chicken, and pork. The occasion for this migration was a recent conference of the Upolu District of the Samoan Mission.

About the first to put in an appearance is the brass band from the Sauniatu Boarding School of the Church. In their black *lavalava* trimmed with red stripes, red turbans set jauntily atop a mop of coal black hair, they make a pleasing and impressive sight as they march barefooted into the churchyard to the strains of martial music.

As the girls from the Sauniatu School, the Saints from the twenty-seven branches of this island, and the children from the thirteen village schools of the island, arrive on the scene, the band plays a welcome to them all, and our conference starts on its way in the spirit of music and song, which forms such an important part in the life of Samoa and her wonderful people.

It is a happy sight to see the Samoans, old and young, pattering around barefooted, greeting each other with carefree grace and smiles of contentment and anticipation on their beautiful brown faces.

Samoans live close to nature. They neither overburden their bodies with unnecessary clothing, punish their stomachs with too great a variety of food, nor spend their energy trying to "Keep up with the Joneses." Samoans, however, love to eat, and they can and do consume great quantities of food at a sitting, but it is simple wholesome food, the food that nature causes to grow in their own beloved Samoa.

As is always the case, our first meeting of the conference was the *fesilafaiga* ceremony. At this meeting assembled the *matais*, or chiefs, the *faifeau*, or missionaries and the missionaries from Zion, as honored guests. No ladies attend this meeting except the *taupo* or village virgin, who prepares the *ava*. The *tulafale* welcomes the guests in a most flowery speech. I have never heard such free flow of language, as simply pours from the mouth of the *tulafale*. The *alii* presides at this function with all the grace and dignity of a king; in fact he is a real king. In stature, in appearance, in kingly bearing he would do honor to any throne.

AMID MUCH clapping of hands, congratulatory remarks, the cup is passed by a youth whose physical perfection leaves nothing to be desired. The cup goes first to the honored guests and then to each person in attendance according to his acknowledged rank or position. It is a beautiful ceremony and one

(Concluded on page 302)

## Albert E. Bowen's Response to His Call to the Council of the Twelve

*Delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, at the closing session of the One Hundred Seventh Annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 6, 1937.*

I HOPE none of you was more shocked at the proceedings of this day so far as they concern myself than I. I have never regarded myself as a person of particular consequence, and why I should have been asked to assume this responsible position, I do not know.

In my lifetime I have dreamed many dreams, I have nursed many ambitions, but this was never one of them. I have never coveted, never sought, and never desired any pre-ferment in the Church. I have been happy all the days of my life to work in it, and would have been content to remain in places where I would not be forced to occupy public position. But since the call has come, I do what I have always been taught to do, namely, respond, and pledge you that I will give it all my strength.

The only thing in the world that

counts is people. When the creation of the world was finished as the last and crowning act God made man to dwell in it, and He gave to him for his use everything that was created, and told him that he might exercise dominion over the earth. In all of his ministry Jesus was concerned only with people; nothing else mattered.

Whatever our position may be, in whatever sphere we labor, we are all dedicated to the business of ministering to the welfare of people, trying to make mankind rise to the stature of his destiny. That is the province of the teacher, and every man in this Church is a teacher.

I have thought during this day of the occasion when Jesus was led to the top of a high mountain, and the tempter told Him to look out over the world, and promised Him that he would give him the world, if He would but bow down and serve Satan. There is a beautiful lesson

in that circumstance, I think, for all of us who would essay the business of teaching others. We need the power to lead men up to eminences from which they may see the world, their own positions in it, and the destinies that await them if they order their lives aright. If anything is needed more than anything else now it is a voice issuing as from the top of a high mountain, lifting men's visions to the high level whence it comes and revealing to them what there is in the world and what they may do in the exercise of their prerogatives and rights in accomplishing the world's work. And if we be what we have pretended so long we are, then we have that kind of voice. It behooves us only to learn to hear and understand it, and govern our walk and conduct by its teachings.

May God bless us with power to do so, I pray in the name of Jesus. Amen.

## HOW FARES THE CHURCH IN SAMOA

*(Concluded from page 301)*

worthy of preservation. As we take the cup ready to drink its astringent contents, we pour an offering of thanks and propitiation to the gods, into the pebbles of the floor, murmur thanks to the assembled *matai*s and then drain the never to be forgotten cup to its last bitter dregs. As we drink the cup and look about on the perfectly chiseled faces of the gathered Samoan leaders sitting cross-legged in a circle on the floor, our minds go back to our own native home, and we imagine we are smoking the pipe of peace with the brother of the Samoan, our own American Indian.

In the forty-eight years that the Gospel has been taught in Samoa, much has been accomplished. The spirit of the conference, the evidence of the faith of the people, the work which they are able to do, are all

living testimonies of the great work accomplished by the missionaries and the local members of the Church.

We now have a Mission Genealogical Association organized and functioning in Samoa. The people are earnest and sincere in their desire to save their dead. Good work has been done in the past, and we hope for still greater results from our efforts in the future.

Our missionary family was increased by forty-two believers who were led into the waters of baptism during a recent conference.

We now have twenty-seven Samoan missionaries, working and presiding in as many branches of the mission on this island. They are faithful, humble workers. Much of our success is due to their untiring labors and their unlimited faith.

To you fathers and mothers who have sons in this mission, we extend our love and our appreciation. Your sons are well. They are faithfully discharging the duties of their calling. They are loved and honored by the members of the Church here in Samoa, and become examples for them to follow.

The Samoan Saints are simple and sincere in their faith. They are constant in prayer. They are child-like in their confidence and trust. Their beautiful land, their pleasant even climate, their ever present evergreen verdure, their peaceful lapping ocean, their affectionate regard and sincere trust make missionary work in their land and among them, a continuous delightful experience which once enjoyed can never be forgotten.

PRIESTHOOD, UPOLU DISTRICT CONFERENCE.



RELIEF SOCIETY, UPOLU DISTRICT CONFERENCE





# Poetry

## MAY DAY

By Rachel Grant Taylor

I HEAR the morning calling:  
"Come out, come out and play.  
This is no day for dull routine—  
It's the first of May!"

From out dark earth the flowers spring;  
I see their dresses gay.  
The young leaves wave a welcome—  
It's the first of May!

The new wed birds are building;  
I hear their spring love lay.  
Unfettered streams dash over stones—  
It's the first of May!

Warm sunlight glory over all  
Illuminates my way.  
I walk along with winged feet—  
It's the first of May!

I raise my eyes to heaven's blue;  
My soul to God would pray:  
"Thanks be to Thee for this new world:  
Thanks for the first of May!"

## THESE BRING ME HAPPINESS

By Nelle B. Prickett

TALL reeds along a river bank,  
A lone pine on a hill,  
A brown thrush singing on a bough,  
A plant upon my sill.

A fragrant patch of violets  
Where purple buds unfold,  
A silver path upon the sea,  
A skyline drowned in gold.

The tender songs my mother loved,  
Old books well filled with lore,  
And lighted windows which will guide  
All guests unto my door.

## MY LITTLE BOY

By Marjorie Petersen

BLOND hair with threads of gold adorns  
his pretty head;  
Blue eyes smile mischievously. "Pixies  
there," I've said.  
His mouth, a dewy rosebud, enticingly  
allures;  
He's a sturdy little cowboy from curly head  
to spurs.  
He rides the range all day. (My best chair  
for a horse.)  
Lassoos the steer with expert skill. (The  
table lamp, of course!)

Yet sad it is to say, the smile can turn to  
frown,  
When temper stalks around the mouth to  
pull the corners down.  
But who would change this little boy for  
all the wealth of kings  
If she could hear throughout the rooms the  
way his laughter rings?  
When bed time comes, at last (for even  
cowboys sleep).  
Tanned arms are raised to mine: sandman's  
date we keep.  
His prayers are said so soft and low. And  
I wish that I could be  
As good as he believes I am as he kneels  
to pray for me.

## ALTAR

TO YOUR MOTHER AND MINE

By Claire Stewart Boyer

I BUILT an altar at your loving knee  
When I was very small, that I might  
bring

Each unexpected joy, each suffering,  
For you to harvest its bright grain for me;  
No happiness but yielded prophecy  
Of golden fields to grace a future spring.  
No grief but lost its husky covering  
And showed a kernel of divinity.  
And I have traveled many roads since then,  
And built an altar for my soul's retreat  
On every pinnacle beyond defeat.  
On every plain that won the trust of men;  
Yet none has shaped my spirit's destiny  
Like that first, loving altar at your knee.

## HAPPINESS

By Amy Kemp

I HELD my cup of happiness, with eager  
hands clasped tight;  
For it was filled up to the brim, my joy  
and my delight.  
But as I walked, my steps were slow, lest  
I should lose a drop;  
For Nature had been kind to me and filled  
it to the top.

Then Sorrow came to visit me, and sat with  
me to sup;  
She sipped a little happiness from out my  
precious cup;  
This made me sad and grieved me so, I  
cried on bended knees;  
But now, I carry happiness with greater  
joy and ease.

## THE MODERN AGE

By B. K. Edmunds

"HOW OLD are you, my little man?"  
"Well, Sir, that's hard to say:  
According to the latest tests  
I'm ten years morally;  
My *psychologic* age is 'leven.  
My *mental* age is nine;  
But *anatomic*ly I'm seven—  
The distinction there is fine.  
Now you most likely have in mind  
My *chronologic* age:  
That's eight—Well, look at him!  
He walks away in rage."



## MAY BASKETS

By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll

WE USED to save bright scraps  
Of paper, ribbon, lace,  
And hide them all away  
In some safe secret place.

And when the breath of spring  
And gently falling showers  
And warm bright sunshine coaxed  
From out the ground shy flowers,

We'd take our treasures out  
And from our bright array  
We'd fashion baskets small—  
Tomorrow would be May!

With tokens these we'd fill:  
Green leaves and bright-faced flowers  
On little notes of love  
We'd labor through long hours.

And then we'd wake at dawn  
And steal along the floor  
To hang our baskets out  
For Mother on the door.

And even now, when Spring  
Comes smiling o'er the hills,  
I long for those old days  
Of simple childhood thrills.

I feel I'd like to make  
For Mother just once more  
A basket filled with love—  
To hang on Heaven's door.

## MOTHER'S DAY PRAYER

By Carmen Malone

I THANK Thee for my mother, Lord;  
I thank Thee for her tenderness,  
Her sympathy, her gentleness,  
And I would ask that Thou wouldest bless  
Her on this day—this Mother's Day—  
And on the days that are to come  
That she shall find what happiness  
What peace and sweet content may sum.

And make me worthy of her, Lord;  
Let me accept the many gifts  
Her heart, her lips, her hands bestow—  
The homely moral soul up-lifts—  
With firm resolve that I shall work  
To make her proud of me some day;  
Lord, bless her for her tender care  
And make me worthy—this I pray.

## TO A LOVED ONE

By Deon Nethercott

I WAS only a seed when you found me  
And planted me close to your heart.  
Your smile was the sun that warmed me.  
Then the soft rain did its part.  
The rain was your friendship so gentle,  
Giving drink to my thirsting soul—  
A soul that was darkened and saddened—  
You found me and made me whole.  
The plant is ready to blossom—  
Yet you speak of leaving so soon.  
With your love gone, the leaves will  
wither—  
And the flower?—It will never bloom.

# Editorial

## Albert E. Bowen

A HANDCART company pushed and pulled its way in 1856 along the dry and dusty trail over the plains to Salt Lake City. An eighteen year old lad, David Bowen, fresh from the green land of Wales, walked sturdily along, eagerly scanning the West for the promised valleys of the Saints. There he should live the life of the glorious new-found Gospel!

Four years later, for the same destination, over the same trail, still marked by whirling spirals of dust, came an oxteam company. The wagons were loaded, Annie Shackleton was young, and so the nineteen year old girl, London born and bred, walked all the way across the plains. The spires of Westminster Abbey were forgotten in the vision of life among the Saints of the latter days.

Soon thereafter David and Annie, having entered into an eternal partnership, set about to help build the Zion of the Lord. Sagebrush was cleared, the furrow turned, the harvest gathered. They and their ten children measured the years with toil and thrift and thanksgiving, with the upward vision and the speech of faith. Though living under pioneer conditions, they drank the culture of the world from books of classic merit, and from sacred volumes they garnered the meaning of life. By service their faith waxed strong. It was the simple, honest life, by which ambition, courage, and strength are begotten.

The power that urged David Bowen and Annie Shackleton over the weary sea and across the desert land and made them worthy pioneers and Church members has been passed on to Albert E. Bowen, their son, whom the Lord has chosen to bear special witness to His name. The clean, honest, fearless upbringing has fitted him well for his new and sacred duties. His own stern determination to go forward, to build upon the traditions of his family, have brought him worldly success and the favor of the Lord. His large training and experience will be an asset in using, in his new work, the high gifts of mind and eloquence, with which he has been endowed. Full of faith, true as the star in the north, sympathetic with struggling humanity, compassionate and understanding, he will give much, his all, to the cause of the Lord. In him has been implanted the noble nature.

The Y. M. M. I. A. has lost an able Superintendent, one who in slightly more than two years made valuable contribution to the M. I. A. cause, but in his new and larger field he will continue to advance the cause of youth.

The Church welcomes Albert E. Bowen into his position of service in the Latter-day work of the Lord—J. A. W.

## George Q. Morris

GEORGE Q. MORRIS is a worthy successor of the great men who have served as General Su-

perintendents of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. He is intelligent, clear headed, safe in judgment, always dependable, experienced in temporal and spiritual affairs, and devotedly loyal to the cause of the Lord. He is well fitted for the new duties placed upon him.

Through long service in the M. I. A. cause, he has become thoroughly familiar with the objectives, methods, and opportunities of the Associations. Under his hands the work will go on without interruption.

He believes in youth and is sympathetic with the hopes and visions as well as the problems of youth. In him the young men of the Church have an understanding interpreter.

His parents helped conquer the West for the good of man. He knows the great traditions of the Latter-day Saints and upholds and exemplifies them in his life. The ideals of the past under his guidance will be used to help the upward-striving youth of this day—a new pioneer day.

Though he looks back with grateful reverence upon the noble history of the Latter-day Saints, he lives with joy in the changing present and welcomes the advancing future. Progress will mark his administration of M. I. A. affairs.

He has a steady hand. As captain of the Y. M. M. I. A. ship, the course will be kept despite storms of emotion or waves of passing popular excitement. Under him there will be no deviation of the M. I. A. from the Gospel chart.

Best of all, he has full and unyielding faith in God, in His divine plan, and in the divinity of the work restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith. That faith will enliven every Y. M. M. I. A. effort; will give courage to plan and to labor; and will give unyielding assurance of the triumph of right.

The young men of Zion welcome their new leader and stand ready to follow him.—J. A. W.

## General Priesthood Meeting

EIGHT thousand men, bearers of the Holy Priesthood of God, crowded the great Tabernacle in Salt Lake City on the evening of April 5, 1937. Farmers and artisans, merchants and manufacturers, doctors and lawyers, rich and poor, known and unknown, sat throughout the uplifting exercises, on the equal level of Priesthood—Brotherhood. It was an unforgettable sight, to be seen nowhere else in the wide world.

They had gathered to honor their Priesthood and to learn more effectively how to use it for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. Giving of oneself, ever giving, that the plan and purposes of God may be fulfilled, was the spirit of the occasion. Again and again came the thought that our troubled world needs most of all the unselfish service of the Priesthood. Otherwise, it cannot find peace.

The foundation of the Church is its divinely committed Priesthood. By its power, alone, can



God's will be consummated among men. As are the bearers of the Priesthood in these latter days, in faith, devotion, sacrifice, and active use of the Priesthood, so will the Church accomplish its divine mission. As the general Priesthood meeting of April 5, 1937, crowded the great Tabernacle, so should every stake hall and quorum meeting place be filled on Priesthood occasions. Spiritual and temporal power and prosperity would then overflow among the people to bless the earth.

Moses of old saw a future day when there should be upon earth a kingdom of Priests. Has not that vision come true?—J. A. W.

## *"Be still and know that I am God"*

BOULDER DAM, situated strategically in the mountainous passes of the Rockies, rises a magnificent monument to the brain and brawn of man. Behind it are impounded the waters of the mighty Colorado. The immensity of the project, the far-reaching results make the onlooker exclaim with Hamlet: "What a piece of work is a man!"

Driving to and from the dam is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The ruggedness, the barrenness of the region before reaching Boulder Lake make a strong contrast to the hills softened by the vegetation which has sprung up as a result of the needed water. Man by the creation of the dam has made possible the growth of grass and trees. Yet he of himself cannot create these growing things. He can provide the means, he can help, he can advance the cause of the great Creator.

By the lake a sort of solemn hush pervades all nature. So strongly does this quiet prevail that visitors approaching the dam and coming unexpectedly over the hill to a view of the lake are left speechless, awed into an ecstasy for which mere words seem a desecration.

Man, in seeking to conserve the energy of water and redeem the desert was really serving God's purpose, for He wishes joy and happiness to all of His children. In an advantageously narrow gorge, man found the ideal situation for the storage of water. In man's nature, a wise Father has placed certain forces which if controlled and conserved will make for beauty and lasting happiness. These same forces if turned loose become like the turbulent stream of the Colorado, rushing swiftly, steadily—downhill.

Man's personal dam is not made of iron, rock, and cement. But though we do not have these seemingly lasting materials, our dams can endure much longer than Boulder Dam, timeless as that structure seems to be, for the materials with which man works in the building of his character are eternal.

The foundation of man's structure must be faith in an eternal being, whose love and concern for mankind cannot be measured in terms of our mortal experiences. Having a faith of this kind lends a security and peace that can be found in no other way. With the spirit of change which has permeated the world, turmoil and unrest have been loosed among mankind. Faith gives a stability no cataclysm can shake.

The ironwork of man's dam will be made with religion. With the foundation of faith, with the structural work of religion, man can rest assured that other materials he may add of culture and pleasure will contribute to the strength and durability of the dam.

How can we lay this foundation, how can we get this structural security?

In today's hurrying world, the struggle for the necessities and a few of the luxuries has too frequently ruled out of our lives the quiet so essential to our reaching a sturdy belief. We must learn with the poet AE: "It is in silence thought begins." We must attain a reasoning and reasonable faith. And we must contemplate to gain it.

In the Psalms we read: "Be still and know that I am God." Again in Kings we find:

And behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the earthquake;

And after the earthquake a fire but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice.

As silence is an integral part of all good music, so must silence be an integral part of all right living. By contemplation, we slowly store up reserves, even as Boulder Lake conserves the water. We gain in power, in productivity, even as the rising lake gives a sense of power. If we are silent, prayerfully silent, we invite the Divine Power to work through us and reveal His truths both for our own benefit and for the joy and better living of those with whom we reside.

Although there is only one person who can receive revelation for the Church as a whole, each individual is entitled to receive inspiration according to his own personal needs if he lives attuned to the source of all inspiration. Prayer is the narrow passage by which we may begin to build our reserve power. It is the way by which the Father may guide us to newer, fresher fields of thought.

By faith, with prayer, having a well-founded religious concept, we can constantly renew ourselves. We can more surely learn to know the Master's purposes and come to work with Him to accomplish them. We shall come to sense a deep inner feeling of security, a knowledge of the force of life, and of the eternal harmony and rhythm of the universe. When we reach this stage, even as Boulder Lake is a monument to man, so will man become a monument to God.—M. C. J.



# The Church Moves On

## TWO NEW MEMBERS CHOSEN FOR THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH-WIDE SECURITY PROGRAM



ROBERT L. JUDD



M. O. ASHTON

ON MARCH 27, 1937, the First Presidency announced the appointment of two new members to the central committee for the welfare of the Church. These two new appointees are: Robert L. Judd, an attorney and a member of the Sunday School General Board, and Marvin O. Ashton, president of Highland Stake and former

chairman of the Salt Lake regional executive committee of the welfare work.

This addition increases the number of the committee to nine members; the other seven being: Elders Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve, Mark Austin, Harold B. Lee, managing director, Stringam A. Stevens, Campbell M. Brown, Henry D. Moyle, and William E. Ryberg.

### ACTING PATRIARCH NAMED AND SALT LAKE TEMPLE PRESIDENT APPOINTED

ON April 15, 1937, George F. Richards of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, was appointed by the First Presidency as acting Patriarch of the Church and supervisor of all Temples. With the appointment of acting Patriarch, reorganization of the Salt Lake Temple became necessary, since Elder Richards has served as head of the Temple for the past sixteen years.

Stephen L. Chipman, who has served as counselor to Elder Richards for the past two years, was selected as his successor. Nicholas G. Smith, president of the California Mission, and George F. Richards, Jr., custodian of Temple records, were named First and Second Counselor respectively. Joseph Christenson will continue as chief recorder.

MARCH 9, 1937.

President Heber J. Grant addressed the Midwestern Farm Chemurgic Conference at Omaha.

MARCH 21, 1937.

Joseph E. Williams was sustained as

president of the Blackfoot Stake succeeding James Duckworth.

MARCH 21, 1937.

Ira A. Rasmussen was ordained Bishop of the Salina First Ward, North Sevier Stake.

Junius F. Ogden was ordained Bishop of the Richfield First Ward, North Sevier Stake.

### BOOK OF MORMON TRANSLATED INTO RUSSIAN

FROM the *Millennial Star* comes the news that the Book of Mormon has been translated into the Russian language by Elder Andre K. Anastasiou, a Russian, now living in England and president of the London District for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Already the Book of Mormon has been published in sixteen languages: English, Danish, German, French, Italian, Welsh, Hawaiian, Swedish, Spanish, Maori, Dutch, Samoan, Tahitian, Turkish, Japanese, Czechoslovakian. In addition it has been published in the Deseret Alphabet and in Braille, for the reading by the blind. Moreover, it has been translated with-

out publication to date in the following tongues: Hindustani, Greek, Bulgarian, Hebrew, Russian, Armenian.

### MISSION PRESIDENTS CHANGED

ON MARCH 16, 1937, El Ray L. Christiansen was appointed president of the Texas Mission to succeed James M. Peterson, who has presided in the mission for the past two years.

President Peterson has been appointed as a counselor in the presidency of the Manti Temple.

President Christiansen has served with his wife in the Central States Mission in 1924-25. He has also served as seminary teacher in the Logan Seminary during the current year. He has also served in the Y. M. M. I. A. superintendency in Logan Stake. For two years while residing in Salt Lake County, he served on the East Jordan High Council and acted for one year as bishop of the Draper First Ward.

Joseph J. Daynes on March 20, 1937, was released from his three year mission to the Western States and was succeeded by William W. Seegmiller. President Seegmiller has long been active in Church affairs, having filled a mission to Germany, having served as bishop of Kanab Ward and later as president of Kanab Stake.

### INCOMING AND OUTGOING MISSION PRESIDENTS

Upper: James M. Peterson, released from Texas Mission; W. W. Seegmiller, appointed to Western States Mission. Lower: Joseph J. Daynes, released from Western States Mission; El Ray Christiansen, appointed to Texas Mission.





# Homing

CONDUCTED BY MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

## FOR CHILDREN'S SUMMER READING

ALTHOUGH during the summer months, the school bells have stopped ringing, young people will still keep learning. Whether they learn good or bad things will depend on how well we have planned for their indirect education.

Most children enjoy reading—and should be encouraged in it. By keeping a variety of good books on hand, they can change the kind of reading they do and avoid becoming tired of any one type of book.

DURING the outdoor months, young folk are constantly being introduced to some of the interesting features of the plant and animal kingdom. Some of their reading should naturally introduce them to informative books in this field. Some of them are listed below.

### DESERT NEIGHBORS

(Edith M. Patch and Carroll Lane Fenton, Macmillan, 1937, 166 pages.)

Peopling a desert, making it an inviting place for visitors is the no mean accomplishment of these two artists. Children will dote on it; oldsters will be fascinated; and all will be benefited from learning about the plant and animal life on deserts.

The information is given concretely by the use of stories, and make humanly interesting and warming the tales of the kangaroo rat, Bannertail, the horned toad, Cornu, the pack rat, Albi, and his mate. The vegetation is made an integral part and makes the book a wholly delightfully informative adventure.

### THE POND BOOK AND FIELDS AND FENCEROWS

(Walter P. Porter and Einar A. Hansen, American Book Company, the first published in 1936 with 203 pages, the second in 1937 with 266 pages.)

These books will help children develop the seeing eye and will foster a desire to know more about this world of ours.

By easy stages, *The Pond Book* leads the readers to a knowledge of the animals and plants which may be found in ponds.

*Fields and Fencerows* deals with the more common flowers, trees, and

animals which most of us have occasion to become more or less familiar with in our journeyings.

Taken together, these books will add materially to the general fund of children's knowledge and will be of great benefit in helping them live more happily and knowingly with the plant and animal kingdoms.

### CHISEL-TOOTH THE BEAVER

(Joseph Wharton, Lippincott, Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, 1936, 140 pages.)

A book easily read because of its makeup is doubly to be recommended when the subject matter is good. *Chisel-Tooth, the Beaver* is printed on a good quality of light absorbent paper, slightly tinted to spare the eyes. The customs, friends and enemies of the beaver as well as the habitat in which it moves are made fascinatingly informative. The book is good tonic because it leaves us with a genuinely true response to the story of the wild and will leave those who read moved deeply.

### THE RED ROAN PONY

(Joseph Wharton Lippincott, Penn Publishing Company, 1934, 320 pages.)

In familiarizing young folk with animal life, Mr. Lippincott makes a real contribution to children's literature. In this volume, the author introduces a gray circus mare who felt the call of the desert and living among the wild horses foaled a red roan pony that became the pride of Jimmie, a little boy who later captured him and trained him. The experiences of the pony and his rider in chasing down coyotes, in racing, and in hunting make enjoyable reading. The book will help reinforce more formal education in the humane treatment of animals.

### FRANZ, A DOG OF THE POLICE

(Major S. P. Meek, Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia, 1935, 319 pages.)

In a day when police dogs are an essential factor in law enforcement, the story of Franz, a weakling, winning his place on the force becomes doubly interesting. Not only in the United States did he prove his mettle, but also in Hawaii, in



strange circumstances and with stranger enemies, did he prove his worth to the Hawaiian force.

### FLASH, THE LEAD DOG

(George Marsh, Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, 1927.)

Two lads with their dogs dare the far north in search of furs and information concerning the disappearance of the father of one of them, a French-Cree named Gaspard Levroix. Through their persistence, courage, and ability, they were able to protect the north country for legitimate hunters.

YET interested as we are in the actual happenings about us, not any of us can live in a matter-of-fact world for always. Children are natural embroiderers of fact. To satisfy this need introduce them to the fairy and wonder tales. One exceptional book is suggested:

### ALBANIAN WONDER TALES

(Post Wheeler, Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham, Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., 1936, Garden City, 280 pages.)

Andersen's and Grimm's fairy tales and the Arabian Nights have long been considered part of the heritage of every child. Added to

this rich lore may now be *Albanian Wonder Tales* derived from and reflecting many foreign elements: Persian, Grecian, Roman, Mongolian, Serbian. The lessons included in the collection of stories are invaluable because they imply rather than preach. Of course, Occidental women will question the wisdom of letting children read the story about "The Man Who Understood Animals," but since it represents a phase of Oriental development, it can be explained away.

The stories were collected and retold by Dr. Post Wheeler, former American Minister to Albania. The Petershams do their usual unusual illustrations.

LIFE is a continuous process and we wish to make the youngsters realize that what they have and are today depends in large measure upon the kind of people who have preceded them. The struggles of earlier peoples, the lessons that they have learned are applied by succeeding generations to make living a happier, more satisfactory process. From many books of this kind, we have selected two which seem to be worthwhile for our young people:

**THE COVERED BRIDGE**  
(Cornelia Meigs, Macmillan Company, New York, 1936, 145 pages.)

A new book by Cornelia Meigs means great delight for young people fortunate enough to have become acquainted with her previous books, *Invincible Louisa*, *Young Americans*, *Wind in the Chimney*. This particular story deals with Constance, who instead of spending the winter in Boston, as had been first planned for her, found herself introduced to the Vermont farm-lands, where she learned at first hand from Ethan Allen about the Green Mountain boys who were so important in the establishing of our country.

To Latter-day Saint children, the book will be especially interesting since it depicts the life in Vermont where Joseph Smith was born and deals with approximately the same time as when he was living there.

**GRANDPA WEATHERBY**  
(Guy Rohrbaugh, Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1936, 121 pages.)

The author, a member of the department of philosophy and religion of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, had the cover design

drawn for him by Anna Musser Stevenson, a Latter-day Saint woman of marked ability.

The story is secondary to the message which Mr. Rohrbaugh wished to portray: a message of loyalty to country, family, and religion. The setting lies in the pioneering days of Kansas and Oklahoma. This scene is of interest to Latter-day Saints particularly since the success of our Church depended on the pioneering spirit. The only thing which did not seem always in keeping with the book is the language which is quite learned for a group of this kind.

NO PEOPLE in the world have quite so much interest in the Indian folk as Latter-day Saints. Because we know of their ancestry and because we feel a brotherly interest in them, we are always eager to read concerning their ways and their beliefs. The several books following deal with various types of Indians and tell different stories—all fascinating in their several ways.

**THREE LITTLE OJIBWAS**  
(George Marsh, Penn Publishing Company, 1930, 215 pages.)

The story of how a twelve-year-old Indian boy kept his younger brother and sister from wild animals and starvation are interestingly told in this book. Since most children are interested in camping out, this book will satisfy this craving.

**KO-I CHITO, THE INDIAN BOY**  
(Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University Press, Provo, Utah, 1937, 128 pages.)

This delightful story of Indian life will stir the blood of young people. Ko-i Chito, named for the mountain lion, proved that he had

the additional qualities of the wisdom of the eagle, the strength of the bear. The many breathtaking experiences of this Indian lad, stolen by Nashoba and adopted by him and his squaw, Kati Ancho, make exceptionally good reading.

The author spent his younger life in Idaho and consequently learned first hand many of the Indian customs. In more recent years, he has been engaged in heading the journalism department at the Brigham Young University; consequently he knows how to tell a story.

**DANCING CLOUD**  
(Mary Marsh Buff and lithographs by Conrad Buff, The Viking Press, New York, 1937, 80 pages.)

The story of Dancing Cloud and his family gives an insight into the lives of the Navajo Indians of Arizona of whom he was a member. Their habits, customs, and learnings are convincingly treated. The lithographs are delightfully informative and in connection with the story make a book well worth all children's reading.

**SINGING SANDS**  
(Grace Moon, Doubleday, Doran, and Company, Garden City, New York, 1936, 245 pages.)

Piki, the little Indian girl who had spent five years at a government school, suddenly received word that she must return home. Until that call came she had not realized how lonesome she had been for her desert home. Yet when she arrived to find her innocent father accused of wrong-doing, her heart almost failed her. Good luck, however, came with the singing sands, and Piki, with her trained mind was able to unravel the mystery and also win happiness for herself. The story will prove of great interest to young people who like clean, wholesome adventure and romance.

SO WHEN the days are hot and young folk are languid, have a book ready for them that while they are resting they may refresh their minds as well as their bodies.



Illustration drawn by Cecil Smith for *Ko-i Chito, The Indian Boy*, by Harrison R. Merrill.



*A story of  
Unsuspected Values brought  
to light that have long lain*



## BENEATH THE SURFACE

By CONREY BRYSON

A SHORT SHORT  
STORY—COMPLETE  
ON THIS PAGE

MAC, head bellboy at the Chalmers, took the steps three at a time, grumbling all the way.

"Grouchy old bear. Tenth time in an hour I've raced up here to wait on him. And swell thanks! Not even a dime."

He entered the room without knocking. Mart Rowan, grain king, was too busy just now to be bothered with formalities. At ten the next morning, bids would be closed for the biggest government grain contract in history.

"You sent for me—" Mac began.

Rowan snapped his orders, "Six pencils, soft leads. Ice water. Get me all the plane and train schedules; and hurry up. What are you waiting for?"

As Mac turned to leave, the telephone rang.

"Answer that!" Rowan commanded.

When Mac turned from the phone, his face was blanched.

"It's the Memorial Hospital, sir. Mr. Gardner has had an emergency operation. Ruptured appendix. He may not recover, and he wants to see you."

Rowan jumped, scattering papers and telegrams to the floor. "It's a trick," he stormed. "My chance to beat him once more, and he's got a ruptured appendix! Well, call a taxi. You come along. Bring these papers—and these."

Many times during the wild ride to the hospital, Rowan twisted his lips to a half sneer and muttered the name "Nelson Gardner." That was all.

Years ago, it had been different. Mart Rowan and Nelson Gardner, irrepressible and inseparable high-school graduates, had started with a cart, a bony horse, and fifty sacks of grain. When the war came they saw the opportunity of a lifetime. They bought grain with all the money they could raise, beg, or borrow. Then Nelson Gardner was called to the colors. Rowan stayed behind because of a physical handicap—stayed behind and sold grain at unheard of prices. The day that saw the completion of Gardner's service to his country, saw Mart Rowan firmly established as the country's leading grain merchant.

Rowan had awaited anxiously his partner's return, but success and war

had changed them both. They failed to agree on any policy, and their quarrels grew bitter and frequent. Finally, Gardner stalked from the office, pausing at the door to hurl a parting shaft at Rowan.

"All right, Mart. You're on top, now. Some day you'll learn that there are more important things in life than the mighty dollar."

Passing years found the two men engaged in the bitterest competition. No word passed between them. The story of their difference was well known to the staff at the Chalmers, where Gardner was liked as much as Rowan was disliked.

ROWAN strode quickly to the bed where Gardner lay breathing faintly. Rowan cleared his throat, and Gardner opened his eyes and smiled weakly.

"Mart!" he whispered. "You came."

"Yes. I'm sorry about you. Is there anything I can do?"

The sick man failed to notice the impatience in Rowan's voice.

"There is, Mart. I'd like you to call the L. D. S. Mission here and ask a couple of the Elders to come."

Rowan stood up straight and looked out the window. Mac watched him, while the clock in the hallway was ticking away the precious minutes before the closing of the grain bids. After a long moment, the grain king, who had termed religion "a lot of bunk," turned and walked to the telephone in the hallway.

All the while the missionaries were in the room, Mac's eyes were upon Rowan, who stood with head bowed, jaws firm, silent.

"Maybe the old boy's got a heart after all," he mused.

When the Elders had gone, Rowan crossed to the bed to Gardner, but the sick man had fallen into a deep sleep. Rowan stood watching him a moment. Suddenly he strode to the closet and took from Gardner's coat the key to the sick man's hotel room.

"Stick with me," he commanded Mac. "I'll need you."

For an hour Rowan worked feverishly, reading Gardner's mail, sending telegrams in his name, sending Mac on frantic errands. Mac made no effort to hide his contempt, Rowan, genius of the grain market, taking advantage of his sick competitor!

At last Rowan looked up with a weary smile.

"That's all for tonight, Mac. Thanks!" Then he let his head fall wearily upon his folded arms.

Mac walked out into the cool night, his faith in mankind shaken. He thought of the missionaries praying in the hospital room. What Providence would allow Gardner to be so hopelessly swindled?

Grain men, waiting for the awarding of the contract, made the Chalmers their headquarters. When the news came, a buzz of surprised conversation spread through the lobby. The contract had been awarded to Nelson Gardner's firm. Rowan had not even submitted a bid. . . .

Mac hurried to grab Rowan's luggage as he started for the door.

"I—I misunderstood you, sir," he managed to say. "I know now what you did. You submitted the bid in Mr. Gardner's name. I think it was fine—it was big—and I—"

"Thanks, son," Rowan interrupted, and pressed a five dollar bill into the bellhop's hand. Then he squared his shoulders and strode out into the sunshine.

A year later, grain men were again gathered at the Chalmers. Mac's happiest duty was to run up the stairs with another message for "Rowan and Gardner."

# Melchizedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE  
COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—EDITED BY JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

THOU SHALT FEAR THE  
LORD THY GOD, AND  
SERVE HIM,—Deut. 6:13.

PRESIDENT CALVIN COOLIDGE advising the American people said: "The strength of a country is the strength of its religious convictions." Being a religious man who observed the tendency of the times towards irreligion he raised a warning voice and called upon the people to turn again to the worship of God. "Our government," said he, "rests upon religion. It is from that source that we derive our reverence for truth and justice, for equality and liberality, and for the rights of mankind. Unless the people believe in these principles they cannot believe in our government. . . . The government of a country never gets ahead of the religion of a country. There is no way by which we can substitute the authority of law for the virtue of man."

The founders of the United States were religious men. They met in the spirit of prayer when struggling for their independence and in the framing of the Constitution of the United States. The Lord declared that He was with them and raised them up to lay the foundation of the United States that "the rights and protection of all flesh, according to just and holy principles," might be maintained.

Since those days, when our fathers met to frame the basic law for a stable government through the inspiration of the Lord, there have come to pass great changes in this country. Can it longer be said, after the passing of one hundred and sixty years, that we, the people of the United States, are a God-fearing, prayerful people? The rapidity with which the minds of the people have been turning from religious worship to an attitude of indifference and agnosticism, is appalling. One of the editors of the *Literary Digest*, in the issue of January 23, 1937, declared that "an intellectual movement of agnostic savor is rapidly gaining momentum in the United States, which eliminates God in the ordinary sense and exalts man."

He further says:

**Puzzle**—Growing by leaps and bounds during the depression years. Humanism and a farrago of other agnostic quasi-atheistic movements long have been a puzzle to national tabulators of religious figures. The reason is that non-church members are increasingly reluctant to define their precise beliefs.

At least 70,000,000 people are currently in this category, according to religious liberals. Drifting, most of them have lost interest in the old religions, have become indifferent to the faiths ascribed to by the 54,000,000 fellow Americans who are on church rolls.

Throughout the length of the land the cry has been raised that churches are empty; pulpits are being deserted; houses of worship are for sale, or being transformed into buildings for other purposes. Ministers who profess to be Christians stand before their congregations without a blush and confess that they have no faith in the divine mission of Jesus Christ. They accept Him merely as a great moral and ethical teacher, but not as the Only Begotten Son of God.

Modern education declares that there never was such a thing as the "fall" of man, but that conditions have always gone on in the same way as now in this mortal world. Here, say they, death and mutation have always held sway as natural conditions on this earth and everywhere throughout the universe the same laws obtain. It is declared that man has made his ascent to the exalted place he now occupies through countless ages of development which has gradually distinguished him from lower forms of life. Such a doctrine of necessity discards the story of Adam and the Garden of Eden, which it looks upon as a myth coming down to us from an early age of foolish ignorance and superstition. Moreover, it is taught that since death was always here, and a natural condition prevailing throughout all space, there could not possibly come a redemption from Adam's transgression, hence there was no need for a Savior for a fallen world.

Is it any wonder, under such circumstances, that churches are deserted; that more than half of the population of this country has become indifferent, if not antagonistic, to religion? This, also, is just as true of other lands. We cannot take the attitude which destroys faith in God and which casts a doubt upon His work, and then receive the beneficent guidance of His Spirit. From the attendance at places of worship the people have transferred their allegiance to places of amusement, and all men know that much that is received in these places is of a most unwholesome if not unsavory character.

It is impossible to exalt man and belittle God. The noblest nature is found in the humble man who is not ashamed to bow his knee and acknowledge the hand of God in all things. The admonition of Moses to Israel is just as true and timely today as it was in the day when he was commanded to give it to ancient Israel from whom we have descended:

And now, Israel, what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to fear the Lord thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to

love him, and to serve the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

To keep the commandments of the Lord, and his statutes, which I command thee this day, for thy good?

Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens is the Lord's thy God, the earth also, with all that therein is.

This is a timely question to put to modern Israel. "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee?" Is it not just as necessary that we today serve the Lord as he has commanded us in our day wherein he has said:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy might, mind, and strength, and in the name of Jesus Christ thou shalt serve him. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself!

We are instructed that the Spirit of the Lord, or Light of Truth, "giveth light to every man that cometh into the world; and the Spirit enlighteneth every man through the world, that hearkeneth to the voice of the Spirit." The great majority of men refuse, however, to hearken to the Spirit of Truth and are not led by the Spirit of Truth, and hence "cometh not unto God, even the Father." Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have been given the privilege of greater guidance, even that of the Holy Ghost, but those who hearken not, are also left in darkness and receive not the voice of the Spirit, which the Lord has said will not always strive with men when they fail to keep his commandments.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ was not founded on a myth or a superstition. It is the verity of verities, and has been revealed again from the heavens for the salvation of men and, said the Lord:—

That every man might speak in the name of God the Lord, even the Savior of the world;

That faith also might increase in the earth;

That mine everlasting covenant might be established;

That the fulness of my gospel might be proclaimed by the weak and the simple unto the ends of the world, and before kings and rulers;

That the weak things of the world shall come forth and break down the mighty and strong ones, that man should [no longer] counsel his fellow men [in error] neither trust in the arm of flesh.

Are we, as Latter-day Saints, any better in our faithfulness to principle and covenant which has been revealed, and which we have received, than are the people of the modern world to their covenants? Are we falling into all the errors and partaking of all the forbidden things, in acts and thoughts, which



have had such a baneful influence upon the world? Have we forgotten the great commandment, or are we forgetting it, that we are to worship God with all the heart, might, mind, and strength, in the name of Jesus Christ? Are we forgetting the other equally important commandment.

Thou shalt thank the Lord thy God in all things.

Thou shalt offer a sacrifice unto the Lord thy God in righteousness, even that of a broken heart and a contrite spirit:

And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day:

For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and pay thy devotions unto the Most High.

Are we, who have received the fullness of the Gospel and these command-

ments renewed in our day, also forgetting "to fear the Lord" and "to walk in his way"?

The most important meeting in the Church is the Sacrament service which we are commanded to attend. Yet according to the latest reports on the average only twenty percent of the members are in attendance at this important meeting. Are we also slipping? Do we fail to comprehend and heed the commandment the Lord has given us? In this day when people lack faith, should we who have embraced the fullness of the Gospel also be lacking in the manifestation of faith?

Here is work to be done by the men holding the Priesthood. Are all the committees active in the several quorums alive to their duties, search-

ing out the indifferent, the lukewarm, and the wayward, trying to bring them back to active membership in the Church? It seems very apparent that if we who hold the Priesthood and who have faith in the callings which have been given us, will put forth a greater effort this condition among Latter-day Saints can be materially improved.

Come, ye presidents of quorums, call upon the brethren to show forth the energy which is expected of them. We have been told that we, who have embarked in the service of the Lord, are under the obligation to serve Him with all our heart, might, mind, and strength, and by so doing we may "stand blameless before God at the last day." The man who magnifies his calling will not only bring salvation to the wayward who may repent, but will also bring salvation to his own soul.—S.

## ALBERT E. BOWEN OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

(Concluded from page 281)

silent power that always radiates from his personality. Modesty, without assumption, characterizes every movement of this fine man. Quoting from Thomas Carlyle: "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together: that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life; which they are thenceforth to rule." A. E. Bowen's thoughts are fashioned and built in the silent hours of his life. There are many who join in the thought that to be with him is to feel his strength. One naturally gravitates to him. There are those whose very presence are radiant with power. When A. E. Bowen speaks, whether in private or in public, his words are choice, majestic, and fine.

His friendship is genuine; it is built upon the principle of love. He would gladly sacrifice his all for a devoted friend. To him friendship is more than a passing phrase. He never permits the good name of a friend to be smeared with unsavory

words. He guards character as a thing sacred. He regards friendship as a holy possession and would say with Ralph Waldo Emerson: "A divine person is the prophecy of the mind! a friend is the hope of the heart. Our beatitude waits for the fulfillment of these two in one."

His loyalty is deep and fine. He has been true to every trust given him. He has lived in the confidence of his friends. He has upheld and sustained every righteous movement that has come under his observation. His loyalty to the Presidency and General Authorities of the Church is without flaw. He rightfully said that he would follow in his new exalted calling the course that he has always been taught to pursue—to do the best he knows how to do, and sustain those with all his heart who have as their responsibility the directing of the affairs of the Church. He loves the right and those who do the right. His given word is his pledged bond, and the bad faith of another never justifies its default.

Faith has taught Albert E. Bowen to look up and not down.

He has carried throughout his life the spirit of hope. His is a knowing faith. His contact with God has been genuine, sincere, and holy. He has sought his Creator through the agency of prayer, humility, determination, and work. His unassuming attitude toward people and things has brought him the thanks of grateful hearts, and now that he has come into an exalted place—an Apostle of the Lord, Jesus Christ—we unite in thought and word and action in our knowledge that God through His servants has selected a man of merit, capability and power.

In this day of grandeur and eloquence, splendor and glory, we join with John Temple Graves in his summation of life: "Next to the radiance that flows from the Almighty's throne is the light of a noble and beautiful life, wrapping itself in tender benediction around the destinies of men, and finding its home in the bosom of the everlasting God." Such a benediction belongs to Albert E. Bowen, a man of great worth, and an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

## STORY OF OUR HYMNS

(Concluded from page 297)

of his compositions appear in *Latter-day Saint Hymns*—more than by any other composer.

PROFESSOR STEPHENS was an ardent lover of nature. Flowers, mountain streams, rocky peaks, and pine clad hills allured him. The charm of his early days in Willard was never dispelled and there were few peaks and nooks in those hills that could not show his footprints.

His home on State Street was a beauty spot and a rendezvous for lovers. In fact, it is remarkable how this bachelor provided so many romantic nooks for lovers' talks, without himself falling a victim to cupid's dart.

And this love of Nature was the inspiration that caused him to collaborate with Emmeline B. Wells in bringing forth that beautiful song, "Our Mountain Home So Dear."

Professor Stephens was a powerful personality—self educated—different from most musicians. He was

of the common people and wrote his songs for them. Yet he was in one respect a musical autocrat, he wanted his own way in the conduct of the choir, and when he had it, he succeeded best. He couldn't abide the supervision of committees.

Evan Stephens was a born poet. Had he received a higher education in letters he would no doubt have achieved world-renown. As it was, his songs and compositions appealed to the religious emotions of the Latter-day Saints who will forever hold his name in loving remembrance.

# Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

## TWO CHURCH-WIDE EVENTS ANNOUNCED FOR RESTORA- TION ANNIVERSARY

ONE of the outstanding events of Aaronic Priesthood history, its restoration in the last dispensation, is to have Church-wide observance under plans announced by the Presiding Bishopric. The actual anniversary, May 15, coming on Saturday, is to be made the occasion of general pilgrimages by Aaronic Priesthood groups, preferably on a stake basis and under the direction of the stake committee. Programs and suggestions for the two events are given herewith.

## SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR AARONIC PRIESTHOOD SUNDAY, MAY 16, 1937

THE actual 108th Anniversary is Saturday, May 15.

Theme: "The Aaronic Priesthood and Its Activities as a Guide to Success in Life."

A Priest with two assistants to conduct the meeting under the direction of the Bishop.

Teachers and Deacons to usher under the direction of a Priest.

1. Opening song, "We Thank Thee, O God, For a Prophet."

2. Prayer, by a Teacher.

3. Aaronic Priesthood Chorus or Quartet.

4. Sacrament Service.

Priests to Administer Sacrament.

Teachers to assist in preparation of Sacrament Table.

Deacons to pass Sacrament.

Special attention should be given to the Sacrament Service. Every detail should be checked. A fine spirit of reverence should be established. All participating should give special care to cleanliness of person and of clothing. This service should set a standard for the future.

5. Scripture Reading, by a Teacher: Doctrine and Covenants, Section 18, verses 1-8.

6. The Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, by a Deacon: See "Joseph Smith's Own Story," or any Church History; 5 minutes.

7. "How the Priesthood Helped to Develop the Character and Personality of Joseph Smith," by a Priest; 10 minutes.

8. Chorus, duet or solo or instrumental selection by member or members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

9. "The Aaronic Priesthood and Its Activities as a Guide to Success in Life," by a Priest; 10 minutes.

10. Scripture Reading, by a Deacon, Doctrine and Covenants, Section 13.

11. Our Plans for Aaronic Priesthood Social and Fraternal Activities

this Year, Chairman of Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee; 5 minutes.

12. Progress of the Aaronic Priesthood in our Ward, by the Bishop, who is President of the Aaronic Priesthood in the ward; 5 minutes.

13. Closing song, "Praise to the Man Who Communed With Jehovah."

14. Benediction, by a Teacher or Deacon.

## SUGGESTIONS

All Presidents of Quorums should sit on the stand if possible.

Assignments of all details of the program should be made early and careful preparation should be urged.

All members of the Aaronic Priesthood should sit together as quorum groups as near the stand as possible.

Members should be encouraged to give particular attention to their personal appearance.

Members assigned to usher should be given definite instructions and assignments.

An outstanding Priest should be selected to conduct the meeting under the direction of the Bishop.

A special campaign should be conducted to induce all members of the Aaronic Priesthood to attend quorum meetings and this Anniversary Sacrament Service.

It is very desirable that groups of Aaronic Priesthood members be trained in singing suitable choruses for this occasion. It is preferable to have each chorus of boys of approximately the same age.

## THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC

## ANNUAL AARONIC PRIESTHOOD PILGRIMAGE, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1937

THIS is the actual 108th anniversary of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, May 15, 1829.

Theme: Honoring Oliver Cowdery who, with Joseph Smith received the Aaronic Priesthood directly from John the Baptist: the first person to be baptized by proper authority in this dispensation and one of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon.

Place: A shaded or wooded spot on the bank of a stream duplicating as nearly as possible the place on the Susquehanna River near Harmony, Pennsylvania, where the Aaronic Priesthood was restored May 15, 1829. If such a place is not available one as nearly like it as possible in each locality may be selected. The place chosen should be visited in advance by members of the committee, to plan the setting and take advantage of any natural situation which may lend itself to the program.

Organization: Stake basis, under direction of Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee where practicable. Isolated wards may prefer to conduct the pilgrimage on a ward basis.

Time: The entire day or afternoon and evening or afternoon only.

Program: A suggested program is as follows:

Plan to reach the site selected, if possible, in time for lunch. Special music or other entertainment numbers could be presented during the luncheon period.

The principal event of the day should be the Restoration Service at an appropriate time during the afternoon. Following the program games, hikes, or other recreation features should be provided to make the day attractive and enjoyable. If lunch is not planned for in advance of the service, it could be provided for following the recreation features.

If conditions are suitable and it is considered desirable the program may be extended to include a campfire service, the feature of which should be stories of interest to boys from the Book of Mormon, it being remembered that it was while translating the Book of Mormon that the inspiration came to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery to go into the wilderness to pray for understanding of the principle of baptism; and that the result was the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood and the first baptisms by authority of the Priesthood in this Dispensation.

## SUGGESTED PROGRAM FOR THE RESTORATION SERVICE

Note: It has been suggested that if proper arrangements can be made that a baptismal service with actual baptisms, be held either preceding or following the Restoration Service, the purpose being to impress upon all present the sacredness of this ordinance and the necessity of proper authority.

The service to be conducted by a Priest. Aaronic Priesthood Chorus, "What Was Witnessed in the Heavens."

Opening prayer by a Teacher.

Vocal or instrumental number, a trumpet solo, "Nephite Lamentation," a quartet of Priests or Teachers or a chorus of Deacons, or other appropriate number.

"What Every Member of the Aaronic Priesthood Should Know About Oliver Cowdery," by a Priest; 10 minutes.

"Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, the first Aaronic Priesthood representatives in this Dispensation." (The Story of the Restoration, 10 minutes, by a Priest.)

Congregational singing, "An Angel From On High." (Each quorum should learn the words and practice this song between now and May 15, in order that in rendition, spirit and understanding this number may be a feature of the service).

Oliver Cowdery as a Special Witness



for Joseph Smith," by a Priest; 10 minutes. He was a witness to the translation of the Book of Mormon, one of the Three Witnesses, a witness to the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood and Melchizedek Priesthood, the first baptisms and many of the important early revelations to the Church.

Chorus or Quartet, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer."

Reading of Section 13 of the Doctrine and Covenants, by a Teacher or Deacon.

"What the Church Expects of Members of the Aaronic Priesthood," by a member of the Stake Presidency, or of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee or other representative, 5 minutes.

Announcements of Plans for Recreation events.

Closing song, "I'll Serve the Lord While I Am Young." (This song should be memorized and rehearsed by each quorum between now and May 15.)

Closing prayer, by a Deacon.

## STANDARD QUORUM AWARD HONOR ROLL

SINCE the last Honor Roll was published the following quorums have qualified for this recognition for outstanding service awarded by the Presiding Bishopric to quorums which have met the prescribed standards: Smithfield Ward, Benson Stake, Teachers Quorum and first, second and third Deacons' quorums; Ogden Thirteenth Ward, Ogden Stake, Priests' quorum; Lehi Fourth Ward, Lehi Stake, Priests' quorum.

A number of additional quorums have applied for the awards but have not submitted the requested information. Presentation of the awards to eighteen wards of the Los Angeles Stake at a recent stake conference was a feature of that gathering. At the stake Priesthood meeting for March, President T. George Wood, of Taylor Stake in Canada, presented awards to four quorums of the Raymond Second Ward, two of them being to the two quorums of Teachers in the one ward, an unusual occurrence.

It is urged that all requests for awards still due, together with the information necessary to complete the awards be sent to the Presiding Bishopric at the earliest possible date.

## PRIESTHOOD MEMBERS JOIN FRIENDS IN NOTED BAND

MORMON boys who are members of the Aaronic Priesthood and of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Glendale Ward of the Pasadena Stake, have taken the lead in organizing and developing one of the outstanding boy bands in Western America. Dr. W. LeVerne Salter, Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. in Pasadena Stake was the organizer of the band and is its manager. With a nucleus of boys from the Glendale Ward the organization was expanded and now includes boys of many religions who carry on as the Glendale Y. M. C. A.-Kiwanis Club band. Earl Peterson, formerly of Logan, is drum



major, and Arnold Burgener, long an active worker among the boys of the Church is the conductor.

The most recent appearance of the band was at Las Vegas and Boulder City, Nevada, where, under the sponsorship of the Scout committee of Las Vegas district, of which Bryan L. Bunker of the Moapa Stake Presiden-

Y. M. C. A. KIWANIS BOYS BAND OF GLENDALE, CAL. THE CONDUCTOR, MANAGER, DRUM MAJOR AND A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF MEMBERS ARE Y. M. M. I. A. MEMBERS.

cy is chairman, the Glendale boys gave concerts to raise funds with which to carry on the Scout program in Boulder City.

## THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

*A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding the Lord's Law of Health*

### THE EVIL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

ONE of the definite responsibilities of members of bishoprics and supervisors of Aaronic Priesthood quorums is to teach every member of the Priesthood to observe the Word of Wisdom. In view of the widespread increase in liquor drinking following repeal this is a pressing and serious responsibility.

### WHAT THE GOVERNMENT SAYS ABOUT ALCOHOL (From "Prohibition Facts")

Alcohol is a narcotic drug of the chemical family known as hydrocarbons—to which morphine, cocaine, and heroin belong. These are the chief narcotics which are classified as habit-forming drugs. Alcohol is the most dangerous morally, socially and economically because it is the most widely and generally used. Ethyl al-

cohol (used as beverage) is derived from fermentation of sugar.

### NATIONAL AUTHORITY CONDEMNS ALCOHOL

Dr. J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek (see Who's Who) says:

"Alcohol never, under any condition, increases the vital energy of the body, but on the contrary, decreases it in a marked and uniform manner through its poisonous influence upon the living cells.

"Alcohol is never a tonic or a stimulant. It is always a narcotic interfering with bodily functions and lessening the nerve tonic and vital energy.

"Alcohol does not aid digestion, but actually hinders it."

### ALCOHOL AND OPIUM

"Medically and socially the case against alcohol is just as clear as the case against opium."

# Ward Teaching

## WARD TEACHER'S MESSAGE, JUNE, 1937

### LIVING FOR OUR BLESSINGS

**T**HERE is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated. And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated. (Doctrine and Covenants, Section 130:20-21.)

To every person born into the world the right of free agency is given. Each of us has the right to order his life in whatsoever manner he chooses. If we choose to live righteously and merit the promised blessings, we have that privilege. If we choose to live sinfully and forfeit our rights to these blessings that privilege also has been given to us.

It should always be remembered that the principle of free agency involves both freedom of action and responsibility for our actions. All blessings promised by your Father in Heaven are predicated upon obedience to His laws. To those who obey the laws the blessings cannot be denied. To those who disregard and violate the law there is no promise, no claim upon the blessings. If we exercise our free agency unrighteously we must expect to suffer the consequences of sin, which, to the sinful are as certain to follow as are blessings to those who obey the commandments.

For more than a hundred years, Latter-day Saints have tested the promises of the Lord, and multitudes have testified to their fulfillment. Today, both individually and collectively those who obey the laws of God are being blessed abundantly. But far greater blessings are promised for fuller obedience and greater faithfulness. These promises are of both temporal and spiritual blessings, if we obey both temporal and spiritual laws.

Never since the organization of the Church has there been greater need or desirability of strict observance of the laws of God by every Latter-day Saint; and never before have the promises of glorious blessings been more certain of fulfillment. We are a blessed people. Zion prospers. The world is according the Church wide acclaim.

We should not be lulled into a sense of false security. The blessings we now enjoy will be continued and the still greater blessings which have been promised will be given unto us, only if we obey the law upon which all blessings are predicated—the law of obedience to God's commandments.

As a people and as individuals we should beware of the sins and temptations that surround us and make every effort to live for the great blessings, both temporal and spiritual, which have been promised to the faithful.

## JESUS TAUGHT TITHING TO NEPHITES

**A**FTER the resurrection of the Savior, He visited the Nephites on this continent and told them of the sayings of Malachi applying them to that people:

Even from the days of your fathers ye are gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me and I will return to you, saith the Lord of Hosts. But ye say: Wherein shall we return?

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say: Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

Ye are cursed with a curse, for ye have robbed me, even this whole nation.

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the fields, saith the Lord of Hosts.

And all nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts.—3 Nephi 24:7-12.

## THE WIDOW AND THE TITHING (From Gospel Doctrine)

**"I** PREACH that which I believe and that which I know is true; and I do know that if men will obey the laws of God, God will honor and bless them. I have proved it all my life through. I saw it manifested in circumstances which occurred in my childhood, and I know that God has blessed the widow and the fatherless when they have been obedient to his laws and have kept His commandments.

## WARD TEACHING GAINS IN FEBRUARY

**T**HE NUMBER of stakes reporting 100% of ward teaching for the month of February is double that shown in the report for January. Eight stakes are on the honor list for February with six more above 90%. The standing of stakes above 90% is as follows:

Juarez .....	100%
Los Angeles .....	100%
Wells .....	100%
Bear Lake .....	100%
Oneida .....	100%
Big Horn .....	100%
Franklin .....	100%
Bear River .....	100%
Long Beach .....	98%
South Davis .....	98%
Star Valley .....	97%
Weber .....	96%
Yellowstone .....	94%
San Juan .....	93%

## CHURCH-WIDE TITHING CAMPAIGN IN MAY

**F**OR SEVERAL years past a Church-wide campaign has been conducted during the month of May in an effort to have this important principle brought to the attention of every member of the Church at least once annually. "Teach tithing in May" has come to be an accepted slogan and plan of the Ward Teachers of the Church.

This year because of the extensive plans now under way for expansion in practically all lines of Church activity, including the erection of temples, chapels, tabernacles, institutes, and seminary buildings, a special effort is to be made to have every home in every ward visited, with the subject of tithing as the special message. Suggestions have been sent to the Presiding Bishopric to all Stake and Mission Presidents and to all Bishops in order that the campaign may be carried out in all parts of the Church.

Short talks on tithing, with a view of general education on the subject, are to be given in all meetings during May of Priesthood quorums, the Relief Society, Sunday School, M. I. A., Primary, and Genealogical Society. Suggestions for five-minute talks have been sent to all wards. It is especially urged that the heads of all Church organizations in stakes and wards interest themselves in the campaign and its purposes and both by example and precept assist in encouraging all Church members to obey the law of tithing.



# Department of Education

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## MAGAZINE ARTICLES OF EDUCATIONAL INTEREST

"ON THE RELIGIOUS HORIZON"  
(William B. Sharp, Current History,  
March, 1937.)

IN this feature which he conducts monthly for Current History, the author, Rev. William B. Sharp, sketches the significant news in the religious world. According to one of the topics mentioned this month by Rev. Sharp, there is a growing realization among churchmen and educators of a need of providing an efficient program of character education. American education needs "something" besides the "usual Sunday School instruction" youth is receiving, according to A. C. Marts, acting president of Bucknell University. In an address at the Presbyterian College Union dinner on January 11, President Marts said, "There is something forgotten in American education. It is religion. It is training in moral character. Education has forgotten the only thing that brought it into being and made it vital—religion."—*Jean C. Nielsen, Principal Moreland Seminary, Moreland, Idaho, and Teacher in Blackfoot, Idaho, Seminary.*

### "TEACHER ATTITUDE TODAY"

(Leon Mones, Chairman English Department, Central High School, Newark, N. J., in Junior-Senior High School Clearing House, February, 1937.)

HERE the author is thinking about the subject of education in terms of the teacher. He offers twenty-five points that he thinks fit into a valid creed for the modern teacher.

To try further to epitomize these points would destroy their real value, so for conciseness we shall select just a few at random.

10. "Teachers will conceive of their function in terms of guidance, direction, production, and adjustment, rather than in terms of assignments, recitations, and markings."

20. "Teachers will think less of individual, institutional, and local advancement and increasingly of general, national, and world welfare."

23. "Teachers will value will, enthusiasm, character, sincerity on a par with ability—and sometimes even as

compensations for lack of ability."

25. "Teachers will rely little upon competition and rivalry among their pupils but rather upon the fullest measure of group activity and cooperation."

—*Joseph B. Harris, Principal Blanding Seminary, Blanding, Utah, and President of San Juan Stake.*

## BOOKS AT THE DEPARTMENT LIBRARY

RELIGION IN LIFE ADJUSTMENTS  
(Samuel Nowell Stevens, New York, Abingdon Press, 1935, 147 pages.)

TO anyone who takes pride in the thought of religion as a dynamic stimulus toward more abundant living in our everyday world, *Religion In Life Adjustments* will prove very stimulating and profitable reading. The point of view is that of a psychologist searching for positive values in the religious experience.

The author observes that in a world of change, religion is faced with a "perennial crisis," but the results are beneficial. Science and religion need not be at war with each other if the former be recognized as a fact-finder, and the latter as a bounteous source of values. In the face of an increased knowledge about cause-effect relationships, man "finds himself utterly dependent upon the very reality which, as it was being revealed to him, seemed to relieve him of the sense of dependence itself."

Mr. Stevens accepts the natural explanation for the origin of religion. He says, "that religious experience was an inevitable outcome of the kind of mental, organization which man possesses."

While it is admitted that religion is sometimes misused for the purpose of escaping from the realities of life, the author emphasizes its significance as a "tension-reducing mechanism," or emotional outlet, which may reorient the individual. In addition to this value, religion is a source of power and motivation toward the highest good of which man can conceive.

After considering various religious attitudes, the conclusion is drawn that the one which is dominated by the teachings of Jesus, makes possible a more complete evaluation of experience in terms of a total perspective. The greatest motive in this evaluating

process is love. In the spirit of love, Jesus taught his followers to face the problems of life courageously, and be guided into the future by the highest possible ideals.

Of very timely import is the discussion of the integrative function, and therapeutic value of religion. It is pointed out, that amid the complexities of life the danger of losing one's balance is ever present. Man's fundamental desires may lead to integration or disintegration. Religion offers opportunities for the individual to acquire unity and harmony in his inner life. Toward this end, the author believes prayer to be very helpful.

Religion may very successfully assist in the reconstruction of maladjusted personalities. The healing power of faith, and the stimulating influence of religious ideals have very practical applications in the process of personality integration.

In his last chapter, Mr. Stevens redefines the mission of the church in the light of our complex and ever-changing world. It must not thoughtlessly be supposed that the church is an end in itself rather than a means to an end. Its duty is one of service, in the fulfillment of which it must change to meet the vital needs of its members. Its leaders may well have as their major function, "the salvaging and the building of souls."

A dynamic religion, sponsored by a dynamic church, will "bring man out of his weakness, his strife with himself and his fellows, into the strength, the peace and harmony, the integration of his life-impulses, which he can get only in communion with the Eternal Presence."—*John D. Lillywhite, Principal Wayne Stake Seminary, Bicknell, Utah.*

THE LIFE OF FRANKLIN D. RICHARDS  
(Franklin L. West, Ph. D., Deseret News Press, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1924, 275 pages, \$1.75. For information concerning this book write the Department of Education.)

BIOGRAPHY, always a delightful avenue of acquaintance with great personalities, approaches perfection in the sincere, entertaining, and instructive portrayal of the life of a truly remarkable Pioneer, Franklin Dewey Richards.  
(Concluded on page 325)

# Mutual Messages

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## Executives

### JUNE CONFERENCE APPROACHES

"LET'S go to June Conference" has been suggested as an appropriate greeting among M. I. A. workers for the next few weeks. The great annual gathering of the Mutual Improvement Associations, which has come to mean so much in the promotion and motivation of the youth program of the Church, is scheduled for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 11, 12, and 13. On Monday, June 14 another all-day Summer Recreation Leaders Institute will be held with the same appropriate and convenient setting as last year and several innovations.

The June Conference this year will present many new features. With the objective of furnishing information, education, and inspiration, exceeding, if possible the outstanding conventions of the past few years. General board committees have been at work for weeks on the details of the program. Highlights of the conference, subject to some slight modifications, are these:

#### FRIDAY, JUNE 11

- 9:30 a. m. Opening Session, featuring a new presentation "Let's Go To Mutual."
- 10:30 a. m. Special presentation, "The Theme for 1937-8."
- 11:00 a. m. Demonstration, "Assembly Programs."
- 2:00 p. m. Educational Meets in five departments including drama, music, dancing, speech and story and literature and travel.
- 2:00 p. m. M Men-Gleaner Convention.
- 2:00 p. m. Explorer-Scout Conference.
- 5:00 p. m. Buffet Luncheon at Saltair.
- 7:00 p. m. Dance Festival at Saltair.

#### SATURDAY, JUNE 12

- 9:30 a. m. General Session. Special presentation, "Leadership."
- 10:30 a. m. Special Group Sessions. Topic, "Better Teaching." Four groups to include Adult-Senior, M Men-Gleaner, Explorer-Junior, Scout-Bee-Hive.
- 2:00 p. m. Department Sessions. Eleven Groups as follows: Executives, *Improvement Era*, Community Activity, Adult-Senior, M Men, Gleaner, Explorer, Junior, Bee-Hive, Scout.
- 5:00 p. m. M Men-Gleaner Banquet.

5:00 p. m. Reception—all departments.  
7:00 p. m. Special Dramatization "Cultural Life."

#### SUNDAY, JUNE 13

Special Religious Sessions in the Tabernacle as the final feature.

#### MONDAY, JUNE 14

Summer Recreation Leaders Institute to occupy the entire day.

Note: For more complete details of the conference and special information see *The Improvement Era* for June.

### M. I. A. HONOR DAYS

ALL WARD officers are urged to read the comments and suggestions concerning Honor Days which were given in the April *Era*. These are truly "Commencement" Days for M. I. A.; they glorify the accomplishments of the months just passed and prophesy of the achievements to come. They are the culmination of the evening-session period and usher in the Summer season, with its delightful program of activities. Following our last issue Stakes began to report their plans for Stake Honor Day and we are assured that many more will be well prepared before the eventful occasion arrives. May 11th and 18th are the days.

### MUTUAL GIRLS ASSIST IN THE CHURCH SECURITY PLAN

ALL who attended the General Conference of the Church last month were stirred by the report given of the progress and success of the Church-wide Security Plan. The extent of work accomplished and the magnitude of contributions in money, produce, quilts, clothing, etc., was of particular interest to Y. W. M. I. A. workers because of the participation in it by Mutual girls. In our General Office we have on file many excellent reports of assistance given to the Relief Society by our Gleaners, Juniors, and Bee-Hive Girls, in the way of quilts, layettes, and children's clothing. We have been especially happy to note the fine spirit in which this work was done; the girls were delighted to help; some of them wrote little messages to accompany the baby clothes. For this fine work we are grateful and encourage our members to continue their good efforts during the coming summer.

THE FOLLOWING program of the Gridley Stake Music Festival was sent in by Alda Bihler:

- Mixed Chorus.....Yuba City
- Prince of Peace—C. E. Leslie
- Musical Reading.....Maurine Barrow
- I Am Music
- Girls' Chorus.....Liberty
- Prayer Perfect—Irvine J. Stenson
- Whispering Hope—Hawthorne
- Boys' Chorus.....Gridley
- Stars of the Summer Night—I. B. Woodbury
- Mixed Quartet.....Oroville
- Pilgrim's Chorus—Richard Wagner
- Men's Duet.....Liberty
- Our Savior—White
- Ladies' Quartet.....Yuba City
- Forget Me Not—Arr. by Hans Lichter
- Instrumental Trio (piano, cello, violin).....Yuba City
- Nearer My God to Thee—Louis A. Drummheller
- Poem.....Music
- Girls' Chorus.....Corning
- In the Boat—Grieg-Stickles
- Songs My Mother Taught Me—Dvorak-Stickles
- String Ensemble.....Gridley
- Barcarole from Tales of Hoffman
- Girls' Trio.....Oroville
- Cradle Song—Brahms
- Double Mixed Quartet.....Corning
- The Glory of God in Nature—Beethoven
- Arr. by Goodell

## Adults

Arel A. Madsen and Emily C. Adams, Chairmen;  
Richard L. Evans, Dr. L. A. Stevenson, Grace C. Neslen, Laura P. Nicholson, Aurelia Benion.

JUNE CONFERENCE—the beginning of another year!

We hope that there is a leader for every Adult Class in every ward, chosen and ready to begin the year's program. We urge that as many as possible attend the June Conference because it is the source of information on the year's work and an inspiration to the enjoyment of the program. We hope to meet you all at Conference.

Stake Conventions begin soon after the Conference and every ward should be represented at these conventions. Again we hope to see you.

Now, after the winter's study, comes a period during the summer, for social activity—a time to rest from study with the class group and a time for reading for the class leader, in preparation for the Fall classes. But we do urge that the group be kept together in a social way during the summer with an occasional party or outing.



## Seniors

Dr. L. L. Daines and Charlotte Stewart, Chairmen;  
H. R. Merrill, Lucy W. Smith, Hazel Brockbank,  
Vida F. Clawson, Polly R. Hardy, Dr. George H.  
Hansen.

It is now blossom time and the winter's work is pretty much behind us—but there is the summer ahead! Plans are now being laid for the best summer the M. I. A. and especially the Senior groups have ever had.

If we could just get a point of view on summer activity, it would prove to be interesting and entertaining as well as socially very helpful. Unfortunately, however, when a program of activity is even suggested, those who are to carry it out feel something has been or is being thrust upon them. Outings and pilgrimages which should be filled with sheer joy, drop their spontaneity.

Some activities for June conference are being planned to aid in presenting a proper point of view. Many wards have carried out suggested programs to their own great delight and profit. It is the hope of the committee that all of the Senior groups may take suggestions from the general committee merely as suggestions and then build their own program in the way they would like to carry it through. The main hope of the general board committee is that each group will have some program if not the one suggested.

Once again we should like to urge the importance of having representation at June conference if possible. Even the wards will gain by being represented and the stakes surely cannot go forward well with the work if they do not have some one in Salt Lake City to hear the program and become fired with a zeal to carry it out.

We are still open to suggestions. If any stake or ward worker has an idea that might be valuable as a part of the program the Committee will be more than happy to receive it, as stated in the April Era.

## M Men

Dr. Burton K. Farnsworth, Chairman; Floyd G. Eyre, Dr. F. S. Harris, Homer C. Warner, Werner Kripe, Frank W. McGie, Dr. Wayne B. Hales.

**T**O SUPERVISORS and M Men officers of Stake and Ward:

This is the opportune time to foster the Master M Men movement. How many men of your stake or ward are qualified to become M Men? How many have you ready to join the new group by June Conference time? A program planned now by you will do much to realize this objective.

To be a Master M Man one must:

1. Be a member in good standing in the L. D. S. Church.

2. Have completed three full years of active M Men work as an M Man, or he must have filled an honorable mission for the L. D. S. Church.

(Continued on page 318)



Pictures taken in connection with the Los Angeles Stake Gold and Green Ball. (See April "Era," page 248, for full account.)

A pageant, presented by all the wards and woven around the theme: America a Land Chosen Above All Other Lands, preceded the dance. The prizewinning pageants and the queen are shown in these pictures. 1. The Grand Queen and Attendants of the Los Angeles Stake Gold and Green Ball. 2. Belvedere Ward, Los Angeles Stake, Queen and Cast, representing Civil War Period. 3. Vermont Ward, Los Angeles Stake, Queen and Cast, representing America's Destiny. 4. Huntington Park Ward, Los Angeles Stake, Queen and Cast, depicting Westward Expansion.

3. Must have acquired eight credits (see manual, page 192-194) in M. I. A. activities during the three years referred to in 2. These credits must be distributed in not fewer than four groups.

4. He must also have the recommendation of the ward M Man leader, and the approving vote of the group of which he seeks membership.

5. Effective until June 1, 1938, any person identified in an official capacity with the Y. M. M. I. A. shall be eligible to this membership provided all necessary activity qualifications were fulfilled by the applicant as an M Man, which shall be established by affidavit or other satisfactory written evidence certifying that the necessary work was done after January 1, 1920.

The purpose of this exception to the requirements of the Master M Men membership is to provide an opportunity for former M Men of Master M Men qualifications to file their credentials of participation and to permit for consideration of their election of this honor in the prescribed manner (M Men Manual, page 191).

Kindly note announcements concerning our June Conference program. We are having some special features for you at the June sessions. Also check on your organization for the coming year's work. All officers should be installed now in order to prepare and take part in the June Conference work.



Helen S. Williams, Chairman; Emma Roland, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Katie C. Jensen.

CONGRATULATIONS to all new Gleaner Girl Stake Presidents! To you has come the honor of being chosen as the leader of all the Gleaner Girls of your stakes, and to you falls the responsibility of leading your girls into a real stake unit for organized accomplishments. For everyone who is capable of leadership, there are easily a hundred who are willing to be led, who will rally around you and help you to carry out your program.

You are worth following, or you would not have been elected as Gleaner President. Take pride in the fact that you are an example, and that girls of Gleaner age will undoubtedly watch you, and follow your manner of living.

Enthusiasm is one of the most contagious things in the world. Learn the power of it in working with others. Because it is impossible to teach that which one does not know, learn your program, and plan your work in advance, remembering always that the more girls you have participating, the greater success you will have. In other words, don't try to do everything yourself; give just as many as possible the benefit and the joy of participation and accomplishment. Be open to suggestions both from your Gleaner Girls

and from your Gleaner stake board leader and president. One of the greatest benefits which will come from your new position, is that of learning the value of real cooperation. Keep close to your Gleaner Stake Supervisor—go to her for guidance and inspiration.

For the year to come, make today the time in which you set your aims and today begin working toward them.

First: Membership. Appoint Gleaner committee to seek out every Latter-day Saint girl of Gleaner age in your stake, and start, during the summer, to make her feel necessary to the success of Gleaner work. Plan outings, in cooperation with your Young Women's music director, organize Gleaner choruses, form trousseau clubs and study groups. Plan not only stake affairs but give stake leadership for ward groups.

Second: Establishing of Latter-day Saint Ideals; looking forward to Temple Marriage; crusading against the liquor and smoking menace; seeking after all things in life that are lovely and praiseworthy and of good report.

Third: Carrying forth the Gleaner Program, and making it become an influence in the lives of every girl within your stake.

Fourth: Gaining every bit of knowledge that will help you as President, to do your work of leadership efficiently.

## JUNE CONFERENCE

FOR THE first time there will be held at June Conference a M Men-Gleaner session; you as Gleaner Girl president of your stake have been chosen as the woman delegate from your stake. The M Men president will be the other representative. At this conference you will meet the Gleaner Girl presidents from the 118 stakes of the Church, and the M Men presidents from the 118 stakes, and here you will be given leadership instruction on making the most of your calling. There will be a model Gleaner and M Men Banquet held at the Lion House at five p. m. Saturday, June 12. It is imperative that you send in your reservation for this banquet not later than May 15. It will be 60 cents a plate. The first 300 reservations received can be taken care of, and only M Men presidents, and Gleaner Girl presidents are entitled to attend. Don't miss this June Conference!!! You will need the inspiration, and the instruction which you will receive, on June 11, 12, 13, and 14, to help you carry this great job of youth leadership into your stake.

Remember it is for you, now, Gleaner Girl Presidents, to lead the way!!!



## M Men-Gleaners

### VACATION TIME

MANY BUSY Americans do not fully appreciate the value and absolute need for "time off" during some part of the year. There will come mental and physical benefits beyond our power to comprehend if we will just vary the daily routine or take a vacation. Everyone should have a change and a rest from doing the same thing in the same way. We are living in an active world and probably live twice as fast as our fathers did. We ought to rest twice as much and twice as often. It was Chauncey Depew who said "One can do a good year's work in 11 months but never in 12 months." This rest in the yearly program is as much a necessity as sleep in the twenty-four hour period, or daily program, and the benefits as great. Scientific studies have shown beyond a shadow of a doubt that a vacation is an asset to any one. You do better work afterward.

We all need a change of scenery. Of course no two people will require the same type of recreation—that depends on the type of work that is being done. If one gets the most from a "time off" period the following should be the chief factors of a healthful vacation:

1. Change of occupation.
  2. Sunshine and open air.
  3. Plenty of rest.
  4. Congenial friends and surroundings.
  5. Freedom from social routine.
- Let's get out in the open this summer and revitalize our energies for the challenge of life during the rest of the year. Almost any place you want to choose in our western mountains can be adapted to a good vacation. Here you will find pure water, good sanitation, and always a splendid food supply.

There are canyons that yawn as they grip you.

There are sentinel rocks austere, There are operas unsung, and pictures unhung, And silences made to hear.

Why not plan some long, interesting hikes during the coming summer vacation period? The mountains are calling, inviting the adventurous to further investigate and discover the secrets of far-reaching solitudes. Come, you venturesome, you restless, you thrill-seeking youth of the great untraveled west, the mountains are waiting for you.

You might want to tramp alone. This provides a fine opportunity to take stock of ourselves and the world. "A solitude," said Walter Savage Landor, "is the audience chamber of God." The brain will never work so well as



when you are swinging along the high road or through the virgin solitudes of the mountain retreat. It will serve as a tonic to the soul, the outlook on life can't help but be broadened and enriched. Try the experience.

Or take along a companion, under the right conditions, especially with the right association, you will add to the experience; perhaps enjoy it much more. It is a splendid way to test a friendship. You will reveal to each other the unknowns, the secret recesses of the inner soul. It is a fine way to become acquainted. Fact of the matter is, if you really want to find out about a man, (or a girl) go out for a long tramp. Long conversations will naturally take place. You will talk of everything under the sun, but especially of yourself. Be sure to be a good listener; you will see your companion in a new light—the true one. Along the road or the trail many things will be revealed, the strong and the weak points of character will show up. Let's go to the mountains.

#### TO M MEN AND GLEANER LEADERS

**T**O STAKE LEADERS. Your Mutual year is drawing to a close, and may we as General Board committees express our appreciation to each of you for the splendid leadership which you have given to the youth of the Church. Through you, the plans and programs have become a real influence in the lives of young people, and we sincerely trust that your greatest compensations have been watching the growth in your various groups. With summer approaching, we urge that you inspire your ward leaders to keep close to their classes, to keep them organized and active.

It is imperative that a representative of the Gleaner and M Men Department be in attendance at June Conference, to attend the meetings on membership, leadership, and M Men-Gleaner work. We urge that every stake leader be in attendance.

We also urge that your Stake M Men and Gleaner Girl president attend the June Conference. Will you assume the responsibility of seeing that they send in their reservations for the banquet immediately? There will be no adults at this banquet, and we are desirous every stake in the Church, preferably the M Men President and the Gleaner President. You, with these M Men and Gleaner Girl presidents will be at the Youth Conference.

We are waiting to welcome you on June 11 in Salt Lake, when we can meet you, face to face, and verbally express our heartfelt appreciation for your splendid part in this great M. I. A. program.



1. Prove First Ward, Utah Stake, Queen and Attendants of Gold and Green Ball. 2. Southern States Mission—South Carolina District Missionaries and Saints who made a pilgrimage to Fort Sumter where Joseph Smith prophesied the Civil War would break out. 3. Queen and Attendants at Logan Stake Gold and Green Ball. 4. Queen and Attendants of Sixth Annual Gold and Green Ball held in Masonic Temple Roof Garden, Tacoma, Washington. 5. Queens of the Five Wards of Twin Falls Stake in Historic Costume. 6. Cedar First Ward, Parowan Stake, cast for *The Pampered Darling*, directed by Mrs. George Blackett.





## Explorers

John D. Giles, Chairman; Elmer Christensen.

JUNE Conference will mark an important milestone for Explorers of the Church. For several months new plans, projects, expeditions and explorations have been under consideration. These are all to be completed in time for June Conference and will form the principal features of the program.

Demonstrations, charts, graphs and discussions are to be used to launch this big new program for Explorers. Every Explorer Commissioner, District Committeeman, Ward Leader, or Troop Committeeman who can find it convenient to participate in the launching of these important movements will find it very much worthwhile.

The new organization plan, which supplies a new relationship with Aaronic Priesthood leaders will be formally inaugurated at the Conference.

Explorer Commissioners and Leaders are urged at this time to complete plans for the summer program. In accordance with Local Council plans the special out-door features of the program up to September 1, should be definitely planned. The summer season should be the most enjoyable and active part of the Explorer program. Expeditions and Explorations, camping, hikes, both short and overnight, and other activities should be promoted vigorously. Advance planning is one of the secrets of success.

## Juniors

Martha C. Josephson, Chairman; Martha G. Smith, Emily H. Higgs, Catherine Folsom, Sarah R. Cannon.

### SUMMER ACTIVITY

SPRING has crept up on us—and summer will soon be here. Junior leaders must think right now about their groups during the summer months. Of course, we hope that the same leaders will feel the need and the desire to remain with their groups and carry them into a wholesome activity season which will bring more joy to the Junior Girls.

As suggested activities, the Junior Committee would like to recommend particularly that the Hobby Sampler course be projected into the summer program. Those hobbies which have proved popular could be taken at greater length during the summer; if other allied hobbies have suggested themselves as an outgrowth of the Sampler, those might be stressed and developed.

The committee also should like to suggest that while the girls are sewing, knitting, or crocheting, there be at least three books discussed or reviewed.

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## EXPLORER AND JUNIOR ACTIVITY



Top: Liberty Stake Explorer Scout-Junior Girls' Fiesta, held Friday, March 12, 1937, First Ward Recreation Hall.  
Center: First completely uniformed Explorer Troop in Salt Lake Council—31st Ward, Liberty Stake.  
Bottom: Second Annual Explorers' Ball of 20th Ward, Ogden Stake, held Saturday, March 20, 1937.

The three recommended books are: *Larry*, the reading course book for the current year; *North to the Orient*, the selected book for next season's reading; and *Invincible Louisa*, a book to be discussed somewhat in one of the next season's lessons. Other books or stories might profitably be introduced into the activities. *My Story* might form the basis of several nights' activities.

The Junior Committee feels that more social activity needs to be introduced into this age group. In order to make a beginning, both the Explorer and the Junior Committees wish to recommend that there be at least one Explorer-Junior party held during the summer months.

With this program in mind, the leaders who are right now carrying forward the work will have a chance to plan the summer season to create a feeling of interest among the girls in carrying on. During the summer season when so many activities cease, we Mutual people must be doubly vigilant to hold our girls by giving them plenty of fun in a wholesome way.

### JUNE CONFERENCE PLANS

DURING this June Conference, the committee would like particularly to have the leaders in the field contribute to the discussions. We know that many of you who are right on the firing line have had experiences which



will be invaluable to other Junior leaders. Perhaps you have some questions that you should like to throw to the group for discussion and for solution. From now until June Conference we should like to ask you to list questions, unusual accomplishments, suggestions for strengthening the Junior department. Send the lists to the Junior Department, c/o Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, 34 North Main, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## Scouts

D. E. Hammond, Chairman; Philo T. Farnsworth.

Scouts and scouters must not forget the "outing" in "scouting". Interest should now be high in preparation for that long anticipated summer camping experience. Whether it be for the Jamboree, the summer camp, or for a series of hikes makes little difference, plans should be well under way. National and local council requirements should be checked, equipment brought up to the minute, and all hazards and necessities foreseen and provided for in order to insure health and safety, comfort, and wholesome activity.

Opportunities of the month to practice the scout law should not be overlooked. May 9 is Mother's Day. Methods of showing appreciation for home and mother should be emphasized. May 30 is Memorial Day. Each troop should do something to contribute toward its observance. Something done, fittingly and appropriate to the day and the occasion, cannot help make better boys of our scouts.

The month of May sees the close of school for many of our scouts. Too often scouters close the year's scouting activities with the close of school and the opening of Summer Mutual. The vacation period with its many hours of leisure is a hazard indeed if not properly spent. What could be more interesting and profitable to the boys of any troop than a full summer's program of varied activity?

Many a golden opportunity is lost by scouters in real character building and scout achievement by failing to use to the fullest extent the school and mutual vacation period. Scouting is a year around program. It is our duty to use it as such. During the summer months, when its application is easiest and most interesting, it can be made a vital factor in the life of each boy.



1. Alpine Stake Gold and Green Ball. 2. Present and Former Bishops of Lake Shore Ward, Palmyra Stake, all still living. 3. "Ninety year span," submitted by the Work Director of Alton, Utah, William M. Cox, who reports the great success of his district in the Church Security Program. 4. Queen and Attendants of Gold and Green Ball held in Georgetown Ward, Montpelier Stake. 5 and 6. Hall Decorations for the Carbon Stake Gold and Green Ball. 7. Malad Stake Gleamer



and M Men dance held in the Stake Tabernacle. 8. Malad Stake Gleamer and M Men Banquet. 9. Probably the largest globe in the world, a circular gas tank on

which in colors is painted the world, situated at Silkeborg, Denmark. 10. Queen and Attendants of Pocatello Third Ward Gold and Green Ball.

## Bee-Hive Girls

Ethel S. Anderson, Chaseman; Marie C. Thomas, Julia S. Baxter, Margaret N. Wells, Bertha K. Tingey, Ileen Waspe, Agnes S. Knowlton.

### JUNE CONFERENCE

ARE YOU planning to attend June Conference? We hope you are, for we have many helpful surprise suggestions which we are sure you will be able to carry directly into your ward and stake activities. We are emphasizing music, the dance, and drama. Instructions will be given in the new Bee-Hive dances. Have you problems regarding any phases of the Bee-Hive program you would like discussed? If so, please send your questions to the General Office by May 20th, as we expect to feature a question box in our department meeting at conference, and should like to give the questions due consideration before that time. We also expect to give some fine help for summer activities.

### IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

IN THE past two issues of the *Era* we have called your attention to the joyous opportunities in Bee-Hive that should be a part of every Bee-Hive girl's experience during this period of the year. We hope that these *Era* notes have been of assistance to you in bringing your winter activities to a happy closing and in planning the Swarm activities for summer. If there must be any re-organization, now is the time to do it before June Conference.

We hope you are planning to meet with your girls once a week all summer in some out-of-door activity. The Church lawns and your own homes will be happy meeting places, as well as the numerous other places, such as parks, fields, canyons, etc.

In your activities keep in mind Cell Filling, Bee-Line Making and the earning of Honor Badges. Your Swarms can have a delightful time working on their Honey Combs and applying their symbols in attractive designs. Bee-Hive girls have taken a great deal of pleasure in working their symbols on quilt blocks, either completing a Swarm quilt or each girl making one.

In the field of Out-of-doors Nature Wonders, Weather Signals, and cells 598 and 603 might be different. The divisions of Hiking, Camping, Living Creatures will afford interesting activity. While doing your handcraft, who not fill some cells in the Field of Religion? Cells 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 62, 63, 65, 72 are splendid. Under Child care a number may be filled such as tending children. It is a good time to learn to launder your own summer dresses. Fill cells 154, 155, and 159—in Home, Cells 170, 173, and 186. A

trip with an Art Institute to fill Cells 452, 453, and 457 would be so much fun. In Health how would you like to fill Cells 295, 308, 320, 323, 338? In Public Service we recommend 773 and 775; Cell 777 would be fine for the Swarm to fill. Indian lore offers some interesting study. Use with it Indian handcraft, stories, songs and games. Visit an orchard with a horticulturist and learn what he has to offer you. Identify and study the trees found there.

Is there something you can do during the summer to assist in the Church Security program? Many Bee-Hive girls last summer made articles of clothing, helped pick and can fruit and vegetables, etc. Ask your Mutual and Relief Society Presidents for some project for your Swarm during the summer to assist with the Security program. You can be of service and at the same time earn Honor Badges, fill Cells and make Bee-Lines in the various Fields. For additional suggestions see Bee-Hive Notes in the May *Era*, 1936.

## HOUSES OR HOMES

(Concluded from page 284)

ly absorbed those elements of industrial and social culture which are essential to national security and well being.

On the other hand, under our present ever-changing social order, children are being allowed to grow up without any sense of a background behind them, or of a code or plan for the future. They are shifted about from house to house and school to school, and often shifted as well from family to family. Prayers have long ago been dropped from the scheme; there is little mention of duty, honor, family, tradition. Too many parents are concentrating on outside interests and giving to the home and family only a kindly, absent-minded attention. A condition which undoubtedly gave rise to the following recent definition of a great educator—"A home is a little-used building that usually stands on the same lot with the garage." Exaggerated probably—but providing food for thought, particularly in the light of our alarmingly increasing criminal population, which according to available data is made up largely of a comparatively youthful element.

THE HOME has always been a basic institution. It is older than history. It has come down through the countless changes of the ages, always meeting the fundamental needs of humanity. From it have been derived our basic ideas of

obedience, of citizenship, of respect for authority, our spiritual and religious ideals and even our ideas of speech. Upon the integrity of the home rests the future promise of life itself. Society cannot exist without the background of the hearthstone, the bond between generations. And so while today's complexities are threatening the very foundations of the home, it is an institution of stout fibre, able to defeat such dangers. These changes instead of making the home less vital have merely made it more necessary to a well-balanced system of life.

What we now need overwhelmingly and urgently, as our Puritan forefathers needed religious freedom, as the nations of Europe need space, as our lungs air, is the ideal of an American home and American houses built upon that idea. The present challenge to all is how to enjoy the modern conveniences of our age and still maintain the spirit of the home and those necessary family ideals and cultures. For be it impressed upon all of us, as Stephen S. Wise has so truly said, "A nation is what its homes are. With these it rises and falls, and it can rise no higher than the level of its home life."

## Remembering Colonia Diaz

(Continued from page 300)

had stood the years. A Mexican had built more walls onto the two that remained standing of our house and was living in it. His old bare-footed *mujer* gave us a drink from our own well. How could she know why mother's eyes were wet!

For an hour we walked about the old town. Parley Johnson's brick house walls were still intact, and the old Von Rheuder two story house was still standing. Everything else was recognizable only by location. Aunt Din Merrill's place, Chas. Whiting's, Elmer Johnson's, Kim Lemon's, John Earl's, Aunt Annie Tenny's, Sam Donaldson's, Mart Sander's, and others. How those names will strike to the hearts of the hundreds who read this who knew Colonia Diaz!

But it was a long way back to Columbus, and we had to find a different road: the one out of La Ascension, if possible. We had no time to look further for home sites of friends who would be glad to

(Concluded on page 331)



## HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 107th ANNUAL CONFERENCE

(Concluded from page 291)

wards and branches in the stakes of Zion; also, 34 missions (including the European Mission), 933 mission branches, and 219 districts.

*Church Membership*

Stakes .....	607,202
Missions .....	153,488
Total .....	760,690

*Church Growth*

Children blessed and entered on the records of the Church in the stakes and missions .....

20,499

Children baptized in the stakes and missions .....

14,034

Converts baptized in the stakes and missions .....

7,081

Number of long-term missionaries from Zion, December 31, 1936 .....

1,813

Number of short-term missionaries from Zion, December 31, 1936 .....

30

Number of local missionaries .....

97

Total number of missionaries in the missions of the Church .....

1,940

Number engaged in missionary work in the stakes .....

1,649

TOTAL MISSIONARIES .....

3,589

Number of missionaries who received training at the Missionary Home .....

823

Persons recommended to the temples from the stakes .....

84,104

*Social Statistics*

Birth rate, 30.6 per thousand.  
Marriage rate, 17.8 per thousand.  
Death rate, 7.2 per thousand.  
Families owning their own homes, 59.7%.

*Changes in Church Officers, Stake, Ward, and Branch Organizations Since Last October Conference—1937*

*New Mission Presidents*

Hilton A. Robertson has been appointed president of the new Japanese Mission, with headquarters at Honolulu.

Thomas L. Woodbury appointed president of the Tahitian Mission to succeed Pres. LeRoy Mallory.

Preston Nibley appointed president of the Northwestern States Mission to succeed Pres. Joseph Quinney, Jr.

Elroy L. Christiansen appointed president of the Texas Mission to succeed Pres. James M. Peterson.

William W. Seegmiller appointed president of the Western States Mission to succeed Pres. Joseph J. Daynes.

*New Temple President*

Pres. Joseph Quinney, Jr., appointed to preside over Logan Temple to succeed Pres. William A. Noble (deceased).

*New Members Appointed to General Committee—Church Security Program*

William E. Ryberg.  
Robert L. Judd.  
Marvin O. Ashton.

*New Stake Organized*

Chicago Stake created in the Northern States Mission. The new stake is composed of Logan Square, University, North Shore and Milwaukee Wards and Racine,

Rockford, Aurora, Batavia and Milwaukee (South Side) Branches.

*New Stake Presidents Appointed*

William A. Matheson appointed president of the Chicago Stake.

Wayland R. Wightman appointed president of the Nebo Stake to succeed Lee R. Taylor.

Harvey Fletcher appointed president of the New York Stake to succeed Fred G. Taylor.

Leslie V. Merrill appointed president of the Franklin Stake to succeed Walter K. Barton (deceased).

Arnold D. Miller appointed president of the North Davis Stake to succeed Pres. Henry H. Blood.

Joseph Elmer Williams appointed president of the Blackfoot Stake to succeed Pres. James Duckworth.

*New Wards Organized*

Melba Ward, Boise Stake, organized from independent branch.

Nyssa Ward, Boise Stake, organized from independent branch.

Logan Square Ward, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

Milwaukee Ward, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

North Shore Ward, Chicago Stake, formerly in Northern States mission.

University Ward, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

Kelly Ward, Idaho Stake, organized from an independent branch.

Long Beach East Ward, Long Beach Stake, created by the division of the Long Beach Ward.

Eastman Ward, Los Angeles Stake, created by the division of Belvedere Ward.

Rupert Third Ward, Minidoka Stake, created by the division of Rupert First Ward.

Pioche Ward, Moapa Stake, organized from independent branch.

Ruth Ward, Nevada Stake, organized from independent branch.

Vallejo Ward, Oakland Stake, organized from independent branch.

Rosemead Ward, Pasadena Stake, created by the division of Alhambra Ward.

San Fernando Ward, Pasadena Stake, organized from independent branch.

Pomona Ward, San Bernardino Stake, organized from independent branch.

*New Independent Branches Organized*

Cody Branch, Big Horn Stake, organized at Cody, Wyoming, with about 30 members taken from Cowley Ward.

Homedale Branch, Boise Stake, was formerly dependent branch of Caldwell Branch.

Aurora Branch, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

Batavia Branch, Chicago Stake, formerly in Northern States Mission.

Milwaukee (South Side) Branch, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

Racine Branch, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

Rockford Branch, Chicago Stake, formerly branch in Northern States Mission.

Redlands Branch, San Bernardino Stake, created by a division of the San Bernardino Ward.

San Rafael Branch, San Francisco Stake, created by a division of Bay Branch.

The name of Bay Branch has been changed to Santa Rosa Branch, San Francisco Stake.

*Wards Disorganized*

Ivins Ward, Idaho Stake, disorganized and annexed to Bancroft ward.

Alta Vista Ward, Los Angeles Stake, disorganized and merged with Belvedere Ward.

Palisade Ward, Teton Stake, discontinued and annexed to Tetonina Ward.

Mt. Glen Ward, Union Stake, disorganized and transferred to La Grande Ward.

*Branches Disorganized*

Penrose Branch, Big Horn Stake, disorganized and transferred to Byron Ward. Ridgedale Branch, Malad Stake, consolidated with Wheatland Branch.

*Church Leaders Who Have Died*

Apostle Alonzo A. Hinckley.  
Pres. Wm. A. Noble, president of Logan Temple.

Pres. Walter K. Barton, Franklin Stake president.

Henry W. Pippert, Sacramento Stake Clerk.

Heber B. Smith, Cottonwood Stake Clerk.

Bishop John E. Fowler of Ogden First Ward, Weber Stake.

Edward P. Kimball, Tabernacle organist; chorister, organist, and official guide at Washington, D. C., L. D. S. Chapel.

George M. Cannon Sr., member of General Board of Deseret Sunday School Union.

Lillie T. Freeze, former member Primary General Board.

Hazel Hill Greenwood, former member General Board Relief Society.

Luella Ferrin Sharp, leader in Church musical organizations.

Ella Hirte Stof, wife of former South American Mission president, Reinhold Stof.

Harden Bennion, former member of Salt Lake Stake Presidency.

## THE PRESIDENT

**D**URING the closing minutes of the last session of the conference, and following an address by Elder Albert E. Bowen, President Grant commented as follows:

During his lifetime, President Joseph F. Smith chose twelve men to be Apostles of the Lord, and I believe he never made a mistake. Though it may sound egotistical, I am sure that I have never made a mistake in such a choice, because it is by the Spirit of God that such choices are made.

Subsequent to the adjournment of conference for six months, President Grant expressed his satisfaction with the proceedings, saying:

It is fifty-five years and one-half since I became one of the Apostles. The Conference just closed was better attended than any former Conference in my memory. . .

The spiritual value of the Conference was as satisfactory, if not more so, than any since I became President. There also were reports of substantial increases in tithes which show the present status of the Church. . .

I don't think the people have ever been more united, either the Authorities of the Church or the people as a whole, than they are now. . .



# On the Book Rack

JOSEPH SMITH AS A TRANSLATOR  
(R. C. Webb, Deseret News Press)

JOSEPH SMITH, the Prophet, claimed to have translated ancient Egyptian writings, as in the Book of Mormon and the Book of Abraham. In this volume, Mr. Webb has made a candid examination of these claims in the light of the best available knowledge of the present day. Little was known of Egyptology in the days of Joseph Smith, one hundred years ago. Much has been learned since. With this recent knowledge at his command the author has tested Joseph Smith's work as a translator. The discussion, covering fifteen chapters, is threefold: What is Reformed Egyptian? (The language of the Book of Mormon); the evidence from words and names in the Book of Mormon; and the evidences from the Book of Abraham. Temperately, but searchingly, modern scholarship is applied to these problems. Steadily, from chapter to chapter, the conviction is forced upon the reader, that Joseph Smith was indeed a correct translator of ancient Egyptian writings. Since the Prophet was at that time unlearned in Egyptian or any other foreign language, ancient or modern, the conclusion is inevitable: Joseph Smith translated ancient writings with some extraordinary aid, in his own words through "the gift and power of God." This book, scholarly, temperate, and unbiased, is a notable contribution to the literature of Mormonism.

A most interesting and convincing chapter is entitled "The Meaning of the Name Mormon," in which the Prophet's definition of the word as "more good," is confirmed.

R. C. Webb is already well-known to the Latter-day Saints through his two excellent books, *The Real Mormonism*, and *The Case Against Mormonism*.

*Joseph Smith as a Translator* should be widely read in the Church. It is worthy of patient careful reading.

—J. A. W.

THE SECOND UNITED ORDER  
AMONG THE MORMONS  
(Edward J. Allen, Ph.D., The  
Columbia University Press.)

MORMONISM has long been an enticing field to the learned class. Many masters and doctors' theses, in numerous universities, deal with phases of Mormon doctrine, history, and achievement. A decade or two ago (Columbia University accepted a thesis (by Joseph A. Geddes) upon *The United Order Among the Mormons*, which set

forth the practice of the system in Ohio and Missouri. Dr. Allen's book continues this first study by considering the later practice of the United Order in Utah. The historical part of this book shows painstaking study. It is a notable contribution to the history of the United Order, which will be useful to all future students of the subject. Some minor inaccuracies have crept in, most of which are due to academic rather than practical knowledge of the subject. As an example, Kirtland is persistently mis-called Kirkland. Evidently, the writer has had access to many important records, though he has failed to reach the several existing official records kept by units of the Order.

The analysis of the causes behind the origin, conduct, and suspension of the Order is marred occasionally by the author's necessarily limited understanding of Mormon theology and practice. However, the attempt to make a fair and unbiased study of the subject is evident; and the few slips are easily forgiven. The book should be welcomed by all who have an interest in this important subject.

Dr. Edward Jones Allen was born in Colorado in 1898. He graduated from Colorado University in 1921; from Columbia University in 1923 (A.M.) and 1936 (Ph.D.), in the social science field. He has taught in Colorado, Idaho, and New York. In New York City he served Columbia University, College of the City of New York, Cooper Union, and the American Institute of Banking. For several years he was Director of Seth Low Junior College of Columbia University and is now Dean of the College

of Arts and Sciences and Professor of Economics in the University of Maine. He is a member of many learned societies.

In this day when economic and sociological thought is running high, this book should prove of unique interest. Members of the Church could read it with profit. It would profit the nation if it were widely circulated.

The Latter-day Saints are convinced that the system known as the United Order points the way to ultimate economic safety and social contentment.

—J. A. W.

AE'S LETTERS TO MINANLABAIN  
(With an introduction by Lucy Kingsley, Porter Macmillan Company, New York, 1937, 102 pages.)

TO THOSE who love the poetry of this

Irish painter, essayist, and Irish patriot, *AE's Letters to Minanlabain*, the postoffice seven miles away from the Kingsley Porters' home, will serve to intensify that affection. AE as he is known in literature is really George William Russell, whose background he creates by his mention of the many people whom he knew and loved, by his discussions of political situations both at home in his own Ireland and abroad, by his exposition of his manner of writing.

His delightful whimsey once tasted is never to be forgotten. Listen to this: "The skies went as if their heart was broken and then they went on sniffling like a child who has cried its utmost and goes on softly weeping for momentum's sake." That is merely one sample of a book replete with his fascinating style.

The book is more than a collection of letters; it is an introduction to a great, genial mind and an indomitable spirit.—M. C. J.

THE NEW TECHNIQUE OF  
SCREEN WRITING

(Tamar Lane, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, pp. 342; \$3.00.)

THIS BOOK is one which every person who hopes to break into the movies with a story of any kind, might well possess.

In addition to the guide to screen writing, it contains an original screen play, with treatment or adaptation, and detailed shooting continuity.

I can recommend it without reservation.—Professor Harrison R. Merrill, Director of the Extension Division of the B. Y. U.





## PEACE OVER CAMP

(Continued from page 285)

OWN A BOYD PARK  
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face and then turned her head. She plunged desperately.

"Who asked to go to Nauvoo? In St. Louis we would not be known and you could get work at the wharves."

As the actuality of the request forced itself through the man's bewilderment, he sprang to his feet. He spoke harshly.

"You—you ask me that? To leave our people, my company? You ask me to be a traitor, a coward?"

She, too, had risen and was now facing him defiantly. "For a few months what could it hurt? I am not asking you, I am demanding it."

"Breta," the man was pleading now, "You know I would lay down my life for you but you can't ask me to do that."

"You promised and," she added a little bitterly, "you are a man of your word, Helmer Helmersen."

A HESITATION was settling over Helmer's face. His hands hung helplessly at his side. He faced the girl as if he had never seen her before. She drew her shawl close about her face and her eyes narrowed.

"You are a man of your word."

"Yes. That is why I cannot go back."

"I am going back. With you if possible, without you if I must. I am going where I can have a roof over my head when my baby comes."

The man's face lightened. "I can build a house here. It would be hard to stay when others go in the spring but I will do it. Berg can

(Continued on page 328)

## Plumbing Fixtures for Institutions . . .

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## DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

(Concluded from page 315)

ards, by his grandson, Dr. Franklin L. West.

From his baptism into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at his home in Richmond, Massachusetts, June 3, 1838, at the age of seventeen, to the day of his death, December 9, 1899, aged 78 years, the life story of Franklin D. Richards, as told by Dr. West reflects beautifully the great "Mormon" movement to which he gave unwavering allegiance and distinguished service through sixty-one years of his life, more than fifty of which were spent in the vanguard of this army of modern Israel as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Convert, missionary, first President of the combined European missions, pioneer, legislator, soldier, jurist, editor, historian, President of The Twelve and "Visible Head of The Church," during the stormy days of the "Underground," this valiant crusader for Truth and righteousness shared all the joys and sorrows of his distressed people. He modestly but triumphantly epitomized in his own life the ideals for which they suffered, and left a name of which posterity may well be proud.

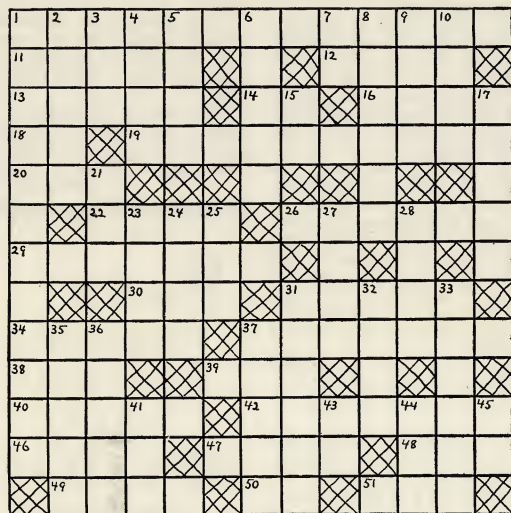
In life President Richards enjoyed the love and confidence of all the leaders of the Church from the Prophet Joseph down; and in death he received the well-earned homage of a grateful people from the lips and pen of President George Q. Cannon, Edward W. Tullidge, Apostle Orson F. Whitney, and countless other leaders of the Church and friends. Tributes from the three men named are quoted by Dr. West after which he says:

"These glowing eulogies, by three of Utah's most distinguished writers, are not only beautiful, they are absolutely true—every word." And who can doubt it? Certainly none who read this book. Well may the author take pride in such a matchless subject so worthily portrayed.

Quotations might be given from the book at length; but that would only be to cheat the reader, who, to enjoy the work must read it for himself. It can be done in a few hours. The book is very readable and intensely interesting. Read it for yourself; a real treat awaits you.—Arthur Welling, Principal Bear River Seminary, Garland, Utah.

## Scriptural Crossword Puzzle—Dreams and Dreamers

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed;"—JOB 33: 15.



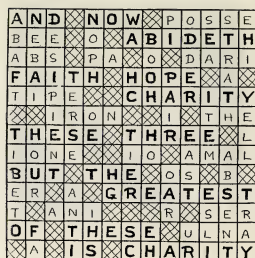
## ACROSS

- 1 Matt. 2 tells of a dream that thwarted Herod (3 words)  
 11 Nebuchadnezzar saw this in a dream that Daniel interpreted Dan. 2  
 12 Nebuchadnezzar's dream led him to . . . an interpreter  
 13 Teeth  
 14 Two  
 16 Color  
 18 Printer's measure  
 19 Joseph dreamed that his " . . . . . , and also stood upright"  
 20 Berry of Oregon  
 22 Pharaoh's chief 26 across said, "In my dream, behold, a . . . was before me" Gen. 40: 9  
 26 He worked for 29 across  
 29 "And . . . said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river" Gen. 41: 17  
 30 Prefix meaning "wrong"  
 31 . . . dreamed of "a ladder set up on the earth" Gen. 28: 12  
 34 "God came to . . . the Syrian in a dream by night" Gen. 31: 24  
 37 "the Lord appeared to . . . in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee"  
 38 Cloth made from the hair of camels  
 39 It is so  
 40 "a . . . for good" Ps. 86: 17  
 42 Short graduated scale  
 46 City of Judah Josh. 15: 21  
 47 Old Testament book  
 48 Beam  
 49 Descendant of Joseph Num. 26: 36  
 50 New England state  
 51 Father of Saul Acts 13: 21

## DOWN

- 1 Matt. 27: 19 tells us that this woman "suffered many things this day in a dream" (3 words)  
 2 Mohammedan priests  
 3 River in Austria  
 4 "As the partridge sitteth on . . ." Jer. 17: 11  
 5 Netting  
 6 "his heart died within him, and he became as a stone" 1 Sam. 25: 37  
 7 Since  
 8 Self-reproach  
 9 Roman emperor  
 10 Pieces out  
 15 "But . . . ye will not make known unto me the dream, there is but one decree for you" Dan. 2: 9  
 17 "there shall arise after them seven . . . of famine" Gen. 41: 30  
 21 Eggs  
 23 Feminine proper name  
 24 Christ healed a widow's son here Luke 7: 11-15  
 25 Goddess of dawn (Gr. Myth.)  
 27 Russian river  
 28 Appear distorted  
 31 " . . . dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren" Gen. 37: 5  
 32 Pharaoh's second dream was about good and bad . . . Gen. 41  
 33 The north wind  
 35 Said of Joseph: "But his bow . . . in strength" Gen. 49: 24  
 36 "hanged the chief . . . as Joseph had interpreted" Gen. 40: 22  
 37 Pharaoh's first dream was about . . . good kine eaten by poor ones  
 41 Epoch  
 43 Right hand  
 44 A Benjamite 1 Chron. 7: 7  
 45 Means of transportation

## SOLUTION TO APRIL PUZZLE



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# EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

TONES of different pitch can be distinguished because they affect different parts of the base membrane has been proved in experiments at Harvard University. One of the scientists, Dr. S. Smith Stevens, also found that the human ear can act like a loud speaker of a radio, by converting the electric impulses of the radio into tones easily recognized by the "listener."



CHIMPANZEES can be taught to use gestures and make vocal sounds to get aid from another animal in doing a task together.

SOUND waves of high pitch, 7000 vibrations a second, about as high as a piano will play, have been used to prevent chimney smoke and may aid in the problem of air pollution. Smoke filling a tube, when the sound was turned on, clustered to evenly spaced levels down the length of the tube, like to floor levels in a skyscraper, then

wandered off to the walls and fell to the bottom.

SOME butterflies can scent one another at a distance of several miles.

THE APPARENT distance between London and Washington varies from day to day and year to year. On the average of several years, London is 39 feet farther from Washington on New Year's Day than on the Fourth of July. This is about two-thirds the value of 63 feet which was attributed to the moon four years ago. The sun and moon may both be responsible, but there is no satisfactory explanation of the facts, as yet.

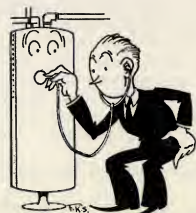
THOUGH the diamond is one of the clearest of known substances, the dust which comes from sawing it, in the cutting of diamonds, is black like lead-pencil powder.

RATTLESLAKE steak may become a real American delicacy. A naturalist finding that rattlesnake steak is pleasant to the taste and highly digestible organized a canning company. Reasonable in price, demand has exceeded supply for this meat to date.

ROOTS are grown at the rate of two miles a day by an average clump of one of the western wild prairie grasses. When two years old, the plant has nearly 320 miles of roots in a mass of soil four feet square and seven feet deep. It took a scientist three weeks to dig out the roots, to wash and chart them, inch by inch.

RADIO balloons are the latest aids to getting weather facts. Several sets of scientists are developing and improving a small apparatus which will be carried up many miles by a balloon. Temperature and moisture content of the air are automatically broadcast by a small radio and the signals received on the ground.

A TELEPHONE cable laid between Germany and Sweden is the largest of its kind ever manufactured. It can carry 84 telephone conversations at the same time.



WATER PIPES now have a stethoscope to be used like the familiar instrument the doctor uses on the heart. Invented in London, this new instrument makes possible the findings of leaks in water pipes and also to determine which way the water is flowing.

A NEW chemical in liquid form is used to make fabrics fire resistant, waterproof, and resistant to mildew. It is applied by brushing or spraying.

## The Advertisers, and Where You Will Find Their Messages

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**BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY**

PROVO, UTAH

"SCHOLARSHIP—SPIRITUALITY—CHARACTER"

## PEACE OVER CAMP

(Continued from page 325)

take my company. I will speak to —"

"I won't have a sod house. I will not stay here. I want to get away from this terrible prairie. I want to go where life is safe—and comfortable."

"You forget, my Breta, why we are here. You forget why your father sold his fishing boat for half its worth. You forget what lies behind."

"No," she laughed harshly. "I am forgetting none of that. I am remembering. Even in my grave I shall not forget the road from Nauvoo here. I have seen women—"

"But I shall care for you and we shall be settled in time."

"—and I have seen what this prairie has done to them. No, Helmer, I am not going on. When my baby is in my arms, yes. Until then, no. If you will not take me I shall go with Peder Swanson. He had asked me—"

"Peder Swanson has asked you that?"

"Ya," she answered bravely but her heart quailed before the strength of his rising anger. "Last night after the singing he whispered—"

"I shall break Peder Swanson with my two hands." The man's voice was deadly level. He flexed his hands to show their strength. "I have suspected him for a coward and a traitor."

He whirled, stepped over the wagon tongue and turned his long strides toward the wagon of Peder Swanson. Breta watched breathlessly. No one could stand up to Helmer Helmersen when he was burning with anger. She had not intended going with Peder and had told him so but she couldn't tell Helmer now. Then she remembered hearing Peder was out with the stock. In one thing only was he better than Helmer. He could palaver with the Indians and for that reason often stood between them and the cattle. She must warn him. Turning she ran into the face of the wind.

She stopped suddenly when she found herself crossing a burial ground. A terrifying sob rose in her throat. How quickly these places grew! She threw her hands before her eyes to shut out a vision that had haunted her of late.

DURING those unforgettable days after crossing the Mississippi when they were all without

shelter Breta had been one to hold a blanket about Ingrid Larsen while she delivered her baby. Oh, it had been heart-sickening, the gradual filming of those pain-filled eyes, the desolateness of Just's sobs. Ingrid and Just were from Aalborg, too. They had been married just before setting sail. Ingrid had been so full of faith and courage and now all that was mortal of her lay covered with earth beside the Mississippi and Just had gone to the far west with the battalion.

That was what life did to women out here. That was what they agonized when their men were bull-headed and set like Helmer. It was easy for them to be brave. For them there were no pains of childbirth; no deep glaring hole in the earth waited greedily for them.

With a start the girl noticed a new mound and beside it a huddled figure. She remembered, then, that a new company had arrived the evening before. There had been a death among them and Helmer had gone this morning to help. She approached and laid her hand on the bent shoulder.

"You will freeze here, Sister."

An old woman raised expressionless eyes to her. Their chill struck Breta like a blow. For a minute she forgot why she was here and where she was going.

"You should not be out here. It is much too cold. Feel how the wind comes raging from the west. It is bringing snow, too. Shall I take you home?"

"Hame?" Stiff blue lips formed the words. "Hame," and the gentle resignation in the voice hurt the girl more poignantly than tears. "It's nae hame I hae noo, Lassie. Only a wagon wi' auld Maggie there."

Breta pointed to the grave. "Your husband?"

"My lad. My bonnie lad. My Walter was buried in the auld country. I came across wi' my three lads. Donnie was the last."

"The last?"

"Aye. Jock at Haun's mill. Young Walter wi' fever in the swamps. Donnie here."

Men, too. All the girl's doubts and fears rushed over her with triple force. "And you will return?"

"Return?" The old eyes lighted with sudden fire. "Return? And hae their deaths for nae? I shall drive my wagon through. There are those can ride wi' me."

"But you have lost," Breta persisted. "Your loved ones are gone. What is there left for you?"

The woman's face softened with pity for her unreasonableness. "The cause is nae gone, Lassie." The old soul dropped her head to her knees and began to rock back and forth.

Breta began to run blindly. Where was God that He let them suffer so? Vaguely there came to her Helmer's caution that she must not go far from Camp. They were in the territory of the Potawatamies. While they professed friendship there was always a doubt. She stopped on a gentle slope and there the wind found her. It blew back her flaxen hair and whipped her long skirts about her limbs. It tried to tear her shawl from her stiff fingers but she drew it more securely.

How often in the years that were past had she stood on the pierhead at Aalborg and felt the wind whipping her as it was now. How care-free life had been then. There was no salt tang to this wind, no exhilaration; only teeth of ice and despair.

She ran down the slope and up another that was more abrupt.

THE GRAY afternoon was closing in but the herd was not more

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## PEACE OVER CAMP

than half a mile away hunting sustenance from the hard earth. She could distinguish three horsemen, herders, they were, watching that nothing should happen to their precious cattle. Peder should be somewhere about. Slowly she turned her eyes, then with plummet swiftness dropped behind a clump of dry brush. Into the little hollow she had just crossed two horses were heading. Two horses with bareback riders. Potawatamies! She lay motionless, the indeterminate color of her clothes blending with the gray prairie. What if they should be coming this way? With infinite caution she parted the brush and looked down. How strange. They were waiting. Her thoughts shuttled back and forth. Then her eyes widened. A horseman had ridden squarely up to them.

Peder. Peder Swanson. She would have known him even without the big bay horse. Why was he here? In a hollow where he could not be seen? He was motioning, now to the sky—to the immediate west. Abruptly, as if she had heard their words she knew what they were saying. Peder, the scout, the mediator, was selling them out. Somehow the Indians were to help him get the stock, get them just as winter was setting in. He had whispered last night that he was leaving soon. He was too ambitious to go empty handed; too shrewd to compromise himself openly. It was not that Peder was ignorant of what such a loss would mean in Camp. No meat. No milk for the children and aged. No oxen or horses to take the wagons either way. Oh, no, Peder knew.

"It's not to be wondered Helmer doubted him."

But what could she do? Go to Camp and report what she had seen? She peered again but the Potawatamies and the white man were gone. She did not know where. Suppose—suppose they meant to do their mischief now? The herd. She sprang to her feet and went running down the slope. Arrows sometimes caught one in the back.

Never, even in the old days at Aaborg had she run so swiftly. Days and weeks on the trail had hardened her muscles and strengthened her wind. The storm was getting close. Helmer had been right about it. Already the landscape was beginning to blur. Ahead she could see one of the herders. Leisurely they were turning the stock toward camp

but they would let them graze on the way in. They must hurry. For safety's sake they must get to help at once. As she ran she screamed and waved the end of her shawl but the wind tearing relentlessly past flung her voice away.

"He must hear me," she sobbed. "He must. Make him hear me, Heavenly Father, make him hear me."

As if in answer to her prayer the rider stopped short. He had caught sight of the flying figure. He rode to meet her.

"Potawatamies," she cried. "Get the herd to camp." She could explain later.

The man jerked his horse up short. "Where? How do you know?"

"Go," she screamed. "Get them started."

Convinced by the urgency of her voice the man whirled his horse then called back over his shoulder, "Make for Camp, Breta. You'll be safe away from the stock. Hurry."

"Will you go?"

(Concluded on page 330)



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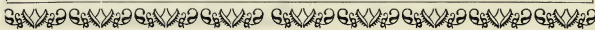
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## PEACE OVER CAMP

(Concluded from page 329)

The rider pointed his gun up and shot three times and three times again. That was to warn the men at camp—if they could hear above the howling of the wind. Bretta wasn't sure of it. Again the man shot three times and then three. The other herders had caught the warning for they were suddenly urging the cattle, trying to hurry them, but there was no hurry to oxen. She must help them. She ran forward and as she did so a few stinging flakes struck her face. The storm. She looked back and over the top of the rise came a column of galloping forms circling wide to cut off the herd's retreat. Potawatamies. She should have gone back to camp as Clem had said. Now it was too late.

BRETTA ran behind the stock urging them on. She took off her shawl and whipped at them. The wind drove the oncoming flakes under the neck of her dress and up her sleeves. She did not know. She felt only the need for haste. But the stock would not be hastened. Frightened by the unusual urge they were confused and trying to bolt in all directions. The riders were dashing back and forth trying desperately to keep them within bounds and at the same time break the line of raiders.

The girl was in all directions at once. She heard hoofs beating behind her. An arrow sang past her ear and sank quivering into the flank of a cow. The animal dropped. Bretta ran to it. It was Lena Beardson's only cow. It must go on. At her urging the animal struggled to its feet and limped after the others that were going forward again. Then above the increasing violence of the storm she heard a volley of shots, the whoops of Indians. The men from camp had come.

Bretta dropped back suddenly, conscious that she was terribly tired. Her legs all at once seemed paralyzed. The herd was going ahead. They were gaining on her. They were out of sight behind a tearing, driving curtain of storm. Slowly with stiff fingers she shook the snow from her wrap and pulled it about her shoulders. Blindly she went on.

Out of the howling of the wind, the singing of the flakes, swooped a grim fear. She was alone—alone on the prairie with only the storm to mark her whereabouts. This was

what she had known was coming. The prairie had caught her just as the cold swamp had Ingrid. It would be just as relentless. The fighting spirit in her rose in rebellion. It might get her, but not until she could no longer help herself. On and on. Was this the direction? She had turned so many times. She stumbled and fell. Slowly she struggled to her feet. Another yard and she fell again. This time she would rest for a few moments. No, no. Not against this cold earth.

Through the fog that was rapidly

clouding her mind came a faint shout; another and another. It took too much effort to answer. Again the shouts. This time nearer. Putting one foot ahead of the other was more important than answering. It might have been an hour, it might have been an instant when strong arms went about her and a dear, dear voice whispered brokenly, "Thank God. Thank God." Dimly she sensed men crowding about. A signal that she was found.

She was on the horse before Helmer riding back to camp and safety. She snuggled close. Warmth from his great vitality was creeping into her veins. Close about were the other men. Suddenly the fatigue, the fear, the prairie all seemed a little unreal. They had lost their power. She had fought with them and still lived. They hadn't conquered her for Helmer had found her. It would be so, always.

They rode into the shelter of the wagons and instantly there were arms, dozens of them it seemed, reaching up to serve her. Voices, in a medley of tongues, were exclaiming their wonder and thanksgiving. In that moment the girl glimpsed a vision of something larger than fear, the prairie, or even death. She saw herself, not as Bretta Helmer, alone, fighting for existence but as a unit in this vast imperishable thing. Some might fall by the wayside but it would never know defeat. It was motivated by that which knows only victory. She held her head listening. From a hut nearby came the echo of a violin, the harmony of voices raised in a song of praise. And there was peace in camp and among her people, good will. Helmer lowered her into her father's waiting arms.

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## THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 287)

broke up and abandoned that camp in haste and confusion.

It mattered little where the next camp were made. It mattered little whether it were made at all. The ponies, tied to the trees, might wait there under their saddles or under their loads to starve for grass or choke for water. What the difference—Toorah was gone! Her still form lay there on the blanket by the tree, her face beautiful with the bloom of young womanhood. But the light had gone out of her eyes, a deep gloom hung on the cliffs and over the valley.

Yet however empty the world she had left behind, she must have a good horse to ride to the wondrous hereafter. She must have her own little brown pony on which she had come from Peavine. Also her body must be consumed with fire so it could not be defiled or preyed upon by any evil thing.

While Posey, oblivious to everything else, had bent in anguish over his sinking loved one, somebody with raised quirt, and possibly with foolish little hat strapped over his heavy hair, had ridden fast and far to tell Poke his sister was murdered. "Puncch!" the old bear had groaned in agony of wrath, "This shall be the end of the skunk."

Another rider, more kindly than the first, had traveled at horse-killing pace to give warning that Poke was coming in terrible fury. The time might be too short for Toorah's funeral fire, her brother might arrive with death in his hand before the

service could be completed. No difference, the service must be given whatever the cost.

WHILE the horses waited by the tree, sufficiently distant from the death-camp to escape its evil spell, the two brothers carried the body of the dead woman up to a cave by the mouth of Buck Canyon. There they placed her tenderly on a heap of dry brush and limbs; they heaped more brush and limbs over her till she could not be seen, keep-

ing an apprehensive eye watching carefully across the valley. The old grizzly was not yet in sight.

They fired the brush, and the air current through the cave fanned it quickly to a red, roaring mass. They led the little brown pony up over the big rocks and killed it near the flame.

Poke might appear at any minute. All the same that fire must be kept burning. All night long the brothers watched and replenished it, guarding vigilantly from the darkness all around to which the leaping flame was a perilous beacon for every lurking danger.

At midnight the haunting shape persisted still in the glowing coals, and as morning approached it lingered there in the red heap as if clinging to the dear ties of earth. The wrathful brother might be waiting to intercept them as they went away, for he would hesitate to defile this sacred ground.

In the gray dawn came another rider—the dead woman's brother was very near—he was wild with sorrow and anger, his horses reeked with muddy lather, and he wanted but one sight of the renegade's son.

At last the dear form crumbled in white ashes. Now they could fly—but where? Poke would find them west of Wooden Shoes, his curse would overtake them on The Trail of the Fathers. Wherever they went he would be after them. He would hunt them to the ends of the earth and nothing would appease his wrath but life for life. Even if they escaped him their stay would be a long one, possibly they would never return.

In the whole distracted world of their acquaintance they could think of no place more inviting than the old mountain of their nativity. There was no time to deliberate further, so they resolved, at least for the present, to hide in Navajo Mountain.

(Continued on page 332)

## Remembering Colonia Diaz

(Concluded from page 322)

know we had stood upon the ruins they once called home.

We stopped for half an hour in La Ascension, inquired the way, bought a store out of the old *peloncia* candy we loved so much so many years ago, and headed north. That road was a traveled one, but it was still terrible. How good Uncle Sam's pavement would seem again after that hundred and twenty miles of rock dodging and rut riding.

It was night when the high water tower of Palomas finally became recognizable above the shadowy mesquite and desert brush and again we had left Colonia Diaz.



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## THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 331)

Setting each little boy on a pony Posey told them to ride fast and follow him, while Scottie and his squaw brought up the rear. Cheepoots and the old woman were to come at their leisure when they could steal away unseen.

The fugitives toiled wearily off through the reservation, turning their searching eyes often to the hills behind. They avoided the open trails wherever possible till the night covered them, and they went panting forward through the darkness, eager to hide in the cherished dens of their childhood before the direction of their flight should be discovered.

The dreadful scene of the last four days hung ever before their weary vision. They saw it enacted again: The tragedy beginning with that frightful shot on the river bank and dragging on with torturing step to the form in the red coals so unwilling to dissolve.

IN THE weary afternoon of the second day in flight, the coveted mountain towered before them with sweet promise of rest when all without warning they met Tsahekiss face to face.

"Hawde nawgaw?" (Where are you going?) the old man inquired, showing by his look that he imagined something wrong. They gave him the best lies they could frame on the spur of the moment, and they knew he disbelieved every word they said.

This was a calamity, a bad, bad omen. Whatever Tsahekiss knew, Poke would know. Poke would go to him for information and he would be directed in relentless fury to their hiding place. That is, he would come unless they waylaid him in the rocks, but that would mean a long and bloody conflict. They would still have to dispose of his two brothers and then there would be his little son, Tse-ne-gat. They might have to do even that, but they would never be forgiven by the tribe, and not to telling how the trouble would terminate.

Just ahead of the fugitives lay a region of smooth rock, and reaching it, with the hateful old Navajo well out of sight behind them, they turned sharply from their course to the north, leaving no trace or track on the hard, naked surface. Next day they crossed to the north side of

the San Juan river and stopped late that night at Clay Hill Spring.

With the first dim light of morning they worked their way up the high cliff to the south and on top they found a mesa with plenty of green grass and tracks of mountain sheep. A string of holes in the solid rock-bottom of a little gulch held plenty of water from recent rains, and they stopped, to remain indefinitely. They could guard their tracks up the cliff, though if no one came soon, a shower would perhaps

obliterate that trail and they would be lost to the rest of the world.

Removed at last from immediate danger they paused in their lofty solitude to think—to mourn for the dear Toorah. She was gone! And her going had roused the old enemy which her coming had pacified.

They wailed and howled aloud according to the venerable custom of their ancestors. They cut their long hair straight across below their ears. They cut the hair of the little boys and urged them to wail aloud, for being removed from their people they could not employ professional mourners as custom demanded and as the dead deserved, so they must do justice to the occasion as best they could.

From their heights of safety there in the rocks they kept close watch on the trail they had made in coming up the hill. As yet it had not rained and their tracks remained a howling announcement of their hiding place. They scanned the bottom of the canyon often, venturing down on guarded feet to leave no tracks while they made sure that no one had gone by. Old Cheepoots and Scotty's mother would hunt in vain for them at Navajo Mountain.

### CHAPTER XII—THE OLD GRIZZLY'S WRATH

POKE arrived in Bluff in a terrible state of mind. Anger and weariness had intensified all that was fierce and grizzly in his bearish nature. He gazed bitterly at the smoldering embers in Buck Canyon, grunting under his breath the fury he could hardly contain. He wanted to be avenged of the skunk before he lay down to rest.

People who knew about the tragedy tried to tell him how it happened. "Why be angry with Posey?" pleaded Henry. "He feels as bad as you feel."

"Puneeh!" he growled, "Let me see him! Let me have just one look at him!"

"He thought the pistol was empty," Henry urged.

"Has he no eyes?" Poke roared, "He's a skunk—let me find him!"

With resolute step he went to the Cheepoots *wickiup* where the two old people sat sadly alone and demanded to know where Posey had gone.

They made no answer. "Why did he kill my sister? Where is he?" he hissed impatiently. "He thought the gun was empty,"

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## THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

urged the old man imploringly. "It was a terrible accident."

"Child's talk—I'll find him!"

BUCK GRASSHOPPER followed Poke's trail like a coyote follows a wolf. He kept always just out of sight, and he ran like a frightened puppy from the first chance of meeting with Poke. Ever since the old trouble over the pinto pacer he had nursed his hate and whetted his appetite for revenge. But he hated himself for his lack of the ordinary nerve to wait in the rocks by Poke's trail and settle the account in true Pah-Ute style.

When the old Bear was in trouble or otherwise occupied, Buck made it a point to prowling near for any possible mischief or annoyance he could devise, darting in and out with white-feather precaution against being seen.

Poke, bent on finding Posey's tracks, went for his horses where he had left them to graze and rest, and behold they were gone. Sometime in the few hours since he saw them they had disappeared. Their tracks led off down the river where some one had driven them at a furious gait. It was Posey, of course—who but the skunk would be so eager right now to leave him afoot?

Back he went with long fierce strides to old Cheepoots and seized the two ponies which the two old folks had begun to load for a trip. No time now to stop on ceremony—they could contribute at least these two ponies for their part in the trouble. He slammed a saddle on one of the ponies and mounting in haste led the other on the lope behind him down the river.

The skunk couldn't be far away with those horses, so instead of delaying for company and a cumbersome load of provisions, the old bear determined to take time by the forelock and return from the job before supper. He was hot with a desire to meet the renegade's son all alone where his own notions of retribution could be executed with no one to protest nor to report.

He held to those tracks in a flaming fury of resolution till evening shadows hid them from his hawk-like glance. Even then he rode on into the night, guessing the direction he should take, but at a late hour he decided to rest on his saddle till daylight should reveal again the guiding marks on the ground.

With the first streak of light he dashed away, lash and curses. Again

the eager hours slipped by without giving him a bit to eat, bringing the night down upon him again without a blanket on which to rest his weary limbs. But anger drowned his hunger and dissipated his weariness. He cursed to himself as he waited again for the day.

In that desperate race Grasshopper had the advantage from the start. He could choose his course without hindrance, and he could ride as fast as his horses were able to go, never having to delay hunting tracks. The man behind had to go slowly enough all the time to be sure he was following the man ahead.

The man ahead had also a still greater advantage, that is, he had it if he had the grit to take it: He could hide behind the rocks and exterminate the man behind as he came nosing along on the tracks.

That advantage awaited Buck Grasshopper nothing. His ruling passion was to run like a startled coyote whenever anyone started after him, and nothing could check him while the pursuer kept coming.

Buck made for Navajo Mountain, but on the second day in that direction he remembered Poke's friend, Tsabekiss, who would be sure to give him away, and after thinking it over carefully he turned to the north side of the river and resolved to hide in the solitudes of Pagahrit.

Poke gained on him every mile. Grasshopper couldn't dodge, and he couldn't hide his tracks nor make any turn to throw the old bear off the scent. No bloodhound ever followed a trail anticipating all its turns like that furious rider with the wide black hat and the vertical mustache.

And no one could shoot with more deadly accuracy than Poke. On Black Mesa he had shot a deer through the heart while it was in mid-air between two clumps of brush. Buck remembered that and glanced over his shoulder with a sense of utter helplessness.

Buck had doted on his speed and his chances of hiding; now he could neither hide nor fly. The old bear would be as merciless with him as a wolf with a rabbit, and Buck was simply too much of a squaw to wait behind the rocks as another man would have done. Yet he must do something at once or become the rabbit in the wolf's jaws.

IN THAT thirsty shadscale country south of Clay Hill, the trail leads up around a little box canyon where a water-hole can be seen in the rocks a hundred feet below. Buck found his way down there for a drink, but no trail to take his horses down, they had to wait on top. In the bottom he shuddered at thought of Poke arriving before he could get back. He got back double quick and in the effort he got a new idea. Shoving the horses off

(Continued on page 334)

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## THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 333)

into the ravine ahead he contrived with nervous effort to get around under cover where he could watch for the man behind, and see whether he descended to that hole for a drink.

Up around the head of the little gulch rode the sombre horseman with the wide hat, his animals all a-puff and gleaming with lather. Seeing the water in the hole below he hauled up, swung eagerly out of the saddle and disappeared over the rim. Anger and thirst and exhaustion had distracted the old grizzly till he forgot his wonted habits of precaution.

Buck rode cautiously over to the lathering horses intending to shove them on after his own, leaving Poke afoot while he quit the country at the same pace he had followed before. But getting nearer those horses he changed his mind: he saw the old bear's rifle hanging in its scabbard, and his pistol dangling in its holster from the horn of the saddle. He seized them both with trembling fingers. He held them eagerly and exultantly in his hands, looking to the rim where the black hat was soon to appear. Then he withdrew to a vantage point a little behind the horses and sat ready in his saddle to shoot the old bear as soon as he came in sight.

When the wide hat did appear above that rim, and under it the invincible mustache, and the fierce slits of eyes looking straight and unblinkingly, the coward's mouth fell partly open and he hesitated, holding his gun at full cock.

This sudden surprise, enough to scramble any ordinary set of wits, even if they were not already weary to death, jarred the equanimity of the old grizzly just a little bit. For just a second it shook the invincible daring which had carried him through continuous difficulty in safety from papoosehood.

Not only the tremendous matter of his guns being transferred to the hands of his adversary, but that adversary was not the skunk as he had supposed in all this long chase. The skunk would rather compromise than kill, but this spiteful enemy of many years wanted more than anything else to make an end of Poke if he could just for one minute master his inveterate cowardice.

Eying Grasshopper in silence and without a visible tremor, the old bear moved sidewise to his

horses, and without shifting his gaze he got into his saddle. He knew the stolen horses were ahead, and when Buck motioned him to go on he obeyed, yet he kept his steady gaze on the coward every moment lest there be a perilous lapse in his hypnotic spell.

When they reached the horses in the ravine ahead, Buck drove them and his staring prisoner forward over the shadscale desert. He still gripped his gun holding it at full cock, but he was powerless to break from or to avoid that ominous silent glare of the old grizzly. They hur-



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ried no more, yet they moved on mile after mile over the dry wilderness towards Clay Hill. Whether he had captured Poke, or Poke had captured him he could not be sure, and he felt an impulse, in spite of his guns to turn and run for his life.

FROM their lofty retreat in the rocks, Posey and his brother kept apprehensive watch over the trail in the depths below, and all became excitement with them when they discovered a string of horses and two riders on Clay Hill. Their own trail up the cliff-face was still too apparent to escape Poke's unflinching glance, and if he were one of the two he would not fail to come right up unless they stopped him at the bottom.

They planned rapidly. They would hide at two points in the canyon, and if one of the riders were the dread brother-in-law, they would hold up the outfit in the bottom between them, cutting off any retreat, forward or back. If the outfit refused to surrender, it must be instant death.

The lead one of the horsemen wore that wide black hat, and that dreadful mustache straight up and down. When that lead horseman heard a voice of command from the hillside—a voice coming as it were from the dead out of the silence, he looked up with a start into the face of his despised brother-in-law, but quick as light he turned his eyes again to the man behind.

Then the old grizzly, always poised on his wits like a cat on its feet, went cat-like from that saddle into the rocks. He was out of sight of that other horseman, but in full view of Posey, to whom he raised his hands above his head in eager surrender.

For once he did not say, *Puneeh*, nor make any insulting reference to pups or apostates. Instead he called with pleading and yet with command, "Let me take your gun! I'm asking a friend for a gun!" Not at all put back nor surprised that his unusual request fell on mistrusting ears, he repeated, "Let me take it, I won't hurt you, and I'll give it back in a minute."

It was the dashing cavalier exploring the lowly skunk. Nothing like it ever before. The devoted hero-worship which had driven the poverty-stricken Sowagerie to crawl on his belly after the mighty brave, now impelled the same person to listen, to thrill with pride, and yield to the dominating personality.



## The Outlaw of Navajo Mountain

Approaching without a pause while he talked, the old bear was within arm's length of the gun when he heard a fitful permission to take it, and snatching it from the skunk's hands he plunged back down the hill. The startled skunk scrambled just as fast back up the hill, demanding of himself whether he had gone crazy, or whether Poke's bad medicine had thrown over him an hypnotic spell.

When Poke vanished cat-like from his pony into the rocks to get his hands on a gun, Grasshopper came to a paralyzed stop, raised his gun and dropped his jaw in stupid apprehension of something unusual about to happen. When that borrowed gun roared out from the top of a boulder on the hillside, Buck dropped in a heap from his saddle with no idea what had happened to him or who had done it.

"Here's your gun," Poke called, looking back up the hill, and the skunk ventured down to get the precious weapon again in his trembling hands.

Meeting the dread glance of the old cavalier, and trembling for the outcome of the situation which had developed like a whirlwind, his first thought was for the inevitable accounting, "I didn't mean to hurt Toorah," he declared as a first bid for clemency, but the matter was dropped for the time being, and they hurried down to where Grasshopper lay dead on the sand.

AS SOON as the immediate wherefore of the situation could be explained, the three began discussing their strained relationship. Posey wanted to know how much he would have to do, and Poke wanted to ascertain how much he could safely require.

After considering the words of Henry and others, the old bear had admitted to himself that after all the tragedy was an accident and nothing more, and yet he determined to exploit every advantage it might offer him to strengthen the essentials of his cherished supremacy.

He had abandoned all thought of a blood indemnity, yet he resolved to force a stiff contract on the renegade's son. Nothing in this affair had revived or generated in his soul the least love for his brother-in-law. As to forgiveness, that Christian attribute was simply minus in his calendar of capacities.



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Item at a time, and with diplomatic use of every word which might explode, the old bear's dominating wrath, they worked out the terms of a truce. First, it was understood that Poke would not then nor at any future time try to even the score by an act of violence to Posey. Posey was to be unmolested in his pursuit of happiness, but he was to deliver twenty head of horses to his injured brother-in-law.

More than that, very much more, he was to marry another of Poke's sisters. She was an old girl left from the first picking, and she had become a troublesome liability on Poke's inheritance. He was more than willing to part with her.

This other sister resembled Toorah about as an owl resembles a canary. If the unwritten statutes of Pah-Utedom had provided any embargo on cruel or unusual punishment, it would have prevented Judge Poke from inserting that marriage clause in his sentence. Yet Posey was delighted to have the trouble settled so soon and in terms which looked on the surface to be so easily possible. He bowed meekly to all the stipulated conditions and took the starved and exhausted Poke to his lofty lair for food and rest.

Together, after a few days, they came down out of the rocks, turning their faces towards their old haunts where the fine was to be paid and the marriage sentence executed.

As to the maiden sister, bartered in this deal like a horse or a blanket, it must have been to her a rather interesting item of information when her brother told her he had not killed Posey, as he had thought best to do at the first, but instead had required him to marry her. Whether she was shocked or delighted at the first inking of the arrangement, she yet refrained heroically from any action which would embarrass her brother in the order he had given. Before that score of horses could be delivered, she became the second wife.

The arrangement promised a fitting recompense for a long tangle of unpleasanties fomented by the maiden sister in her brother's household. But it accomplished a much bigger thing than that: it hung around the neck of the apostate's son, a mill stone from which he would not soon get away.

From the day the marriage clause of that sentence was executed on Posey, a new agency was at work expanding the evil and withering the good in his strange world of adversity.

(To be Continued)

# Your Page and Ours

## LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

**A**BSOLUTELY—when we wish to be especially forceful, we are often guilty of mispronouncing this word. The *a* is pronounced as in the word *cat* and the only accent in the word follows the *b*. The *o* has the force of the *o* in *obey*. The *u* is the singing *u*, not the flat sound of *oo*. The *y* is short as in *it*. Be sure that you have only one accent, following the first syllable, *ab*.

Authority—*au* is sounded as *o* in *orb*, the *o* is short as in *odd*—which gives difficulty. The *i* and *y* both have the sound of the *i* in *it*.

Err—rhymes with *her*. *Erring* rhymes with *slurring*; and *error* as in *terror*.

FROM ATLANTA, GEORGIA

February 24, 1937.

Dear Associates:

**I** COMMEND you for the splendid work you are doing. Our people look forward eagerly for the arrival of the *Era*. An intelligent school teacher, not a member of the Church, but assisting in our Mutual, after receiving her second copy, wrote and expressed the thought that she was sorry she had not known there was such a magazine long ago, so that she might have enjoyed it.

Sincerely your brother,  
(Signed) Le Grande Richards, Mission President.

FROM CHICAGO

Dear Editors:

**I** MUST congratulate you on the appearance of the *Era* and the excellent editorial job which you are doing. Can we be of any further service?

(Signed) Bryant S. Hinckley,  
President, Northern States Mission.

FROM BERLIN

February 25, 1937

Dear Editors:

**W**HEN I open the *Era* up on the train, all eyes are turned upon it; it is so attractive, and very often I am asked, "May I look at your magazine?" and with pride I turn it over to them. Once each week as the "Mission Mother" I conduct the morning class for the Elders, and about nine out of ten times, I use articles from the *Era*. I feel we should keep abreast of the work being done at home and your magazine supplies me with the material.

With best wishes to all,

Sincerely,  
(Signed) Elizabeth H. Welker.

FROM AN OUTSIDE FRIEND

Provo, Utah  
March 12, 1937

Gentlemen:

**I**T is with pleasure that I renew my subscription to *The Improvement Era*. I am not a member of the L. D. S. Church but I find much of interest in each month's issue, both inspirational and otherwise.

The magazine is of such high order that no doubt it has a wide appeal, not only with Church members but those outside the Church.

Very truly yours,  
(Signed) W. R. Butler.

FROM KREUZ, (OSTBAHN), GERMANY

To the Editors of *Improvement Era*:

**I** CAN truthfully say that some of the articles in the *Era* have helped me more to go over some of the rough spots of my mission than any other magazine or book that I have.

(Signed) James E. Walton.

## DISCONTENTED BEGGAR!

**"A**RE YOU really content to spend your life walking the country begging?" asked the old lady severely.  
"No, lady, I ain't," answered the hobo. "Many's the time I wished I had a car."—*Pathfinder*.



## MISTAKEN IDENTITY?

**"A**RE YOU John A. Van Dorky?" asked the young man beside the cloak rack.

"No," was the surprised reply.

"Well, I am," came the frosty rejoinder, "and that is his overcoat you are putting on."—*Texas Longhorn-Ranger*.

## MUTUAL ERROR

**P**LAYING over an Irish links, a choleric colonel lost his ball and accused his caddie of having stolen it. When, a moment later, it was found, the golfer began an apology, "Arrah, niver mind at all, at all," said the boy, "You thought oi was a thafe, and oi thought you was a gentleman, an' begorrah, we both made a mistake."—*Vision*.

## MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

**"H**OW did you like those Chinese back-scratchers I brought you?"

"Is that what they were? Chinese back-scratchers! My wife's been making me eat salad with them."—*Grinnell Mal-teaser*.



**"T**HE husband who talks in his sleep may easily ruin his wife's nerves," declares a specialist. Especially if she can't quite hear what he is saying, adds *The Humorist*, of London.

## HOOK, LINE, AND SINKER

**H**OBSON: "I sent \$2.50 to a concern that advertised an appliance for keeping gas bills down, and got it this morning?"

Dobson: "What did they send you?"

Hobson: "A ten-cent paperweight."—*Vision*.

## SPECIAL TO PAPER AGENTS

**S**UBSCRIPTION AGENT: "Would you like to subscribe to the local papers?"

Lady: "No, we have newspapers all over the house."

S. A.: "How about some good books?"

Lady: "We've got books in every corner."

S. A.: "How about a magazine or two that——"

Lady: "Sorry, but we're swamped with magazines."

S. A.: "Well, then, how about a good paper baler?"—*The New Guide*.





Thongs leaving the Temple Block after the first session of the 107th semi-annual conference of the Mormon Church.

## HIS VOICE TRANSCENDS THE WALLS OF TEMPLE SQUARE....



In the historic Tabernacle on Temple Square, President Heber J. Grant stands before the pulpit over which, each April and October, the advice and counsel of the General Authorities of the Church pass to hundreds of thousands of members of the Mormon faith. Only a small fraction of them can be seated in the great Tabernacle.

The President speaks. His voice transcends the walls of Temple Square, and

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## THE VOICE OF THE WEST



# Youth & Blossom Time

It is blossom time again, and Nature, like youth itself, is glowing with vital activity. Each year with the coming of Spring the curtain rises on the age-old drama of the seasons. Spring, with her blossoms and gaiety, must give way to the vigorous growing season, summer. Then follows autumn, the time of ripe maturity; and at last comes winter, when Nature folds her hands in peace and rest. ¶Take a tip from Nature in shaping your own life. Now, before you get any older, begin a life insurance program and thus sow the seeds of financial security. Later, as your earning power increases, add to your insurance estate, guaranteeing for yourself and your family the fruits of life's harvest. Then you can spend the winter of your life in comfort and peace, safe from the chill blasts of poverty. ¶Don't wait until you can take out a lot of life insurance all at once. Begin now by calling in your local Beneficial agent—he will gladly help you work out an insurance program in this strong company. If you do not know who he is, drop a post card to the home office.



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